

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

No. 2.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY JOHN BANKS WARDLAW, '77, OF GA.

" Know'st thou Yesterday, its aim and reason ?
Work'st thou well To-day for worthy things ?
Then calmly wait the Morrow's hidden season,
And fear not thou, what hap soe'er it brings."

Americans are very naturally and opportunely interested just now in surveying and estimating the results that this Republic has accomplished during its single century of existence. The record is certainly a remarkable one. The actualities that stand forth as the products of American civilisation are such as the forefathers, in their most speculative and sanguine moods, can never have dreamed of. In all departments of human undertaking, whether material, æsthetic or ethical, startling progress has been made ; and there is hardly in history a grander contrast than exists between this country's crude beginnings of a century ago and its present magnificent developments. But the growth of our civilisation

is not symmetrical. The utilities have, among us, outgrown the finer arts. Our cotton factories, are far more perfect than our art galleries; our senate houses are better than our legislation; our printing presses are better than our literature. As a people, we incline, indeed, much more to the utilitarian creed of 'Poor Richard' than to the transcendental art-theories of John Ruskin. If one extreme must exist, then we have the better one; but it might well be wished that we were nearer to the golden mean.

Literature is, perhaps, the department in which American genius and effort have realized the smallest per centum of the possibilities. We have, in truth, many fair writers and some good books; but these fall much short of that high state of literary excellence which the concomitant developments of the country might well lead one to expect. Singularly enough, too, the very characteristic of American work that, in most other things, has produced such satisfactory effect is the cause of the imperfections in our literature. I mean that nervous, restless activity and that hot haste of execution to which is largely attributable the swift and broad progress that the New World has made in nearly all its undertakings. Now this spirit and style of doing is very valuable to effort, provided it do not go too far. It has served this country well in most things; but, in literature, it has overshot the mark, and, therefore, has done no small injury.

It is, doubtless, the misfortune of the average American writer that he is impatient of results. 'It bores him to wait.' He must realize on his work and his hopes, and that right speedily. If he cannot catch the full tide of popular favour, he must at least snatch a vesselful of its foaming crest. If he cannot move a mountain, he must then shake a hillock. He must be heard from. This spirit, however valuable it may have proved itself in purely material things, is contrary to the genius of literature; for this is preëminently the art in which patient painstaking and the uttermost thoroughness of work

are essential to excellence. Incompleteness of detail, imperfection of process and infidelity to conception have sadly spoiled many high and rich promises of American Literature. A few of our men of letters have, happily, kept free from these damaging faults, and so done good service. Among these, Nathaniel Hawthorne stands out distinguished, if, indeed, he be not *facile princeps* of them all. Briefly to consider the merits of his work and the characteristics of his genius, as having an important bearing on our literature, is the present purpose.

Hawthorne was born in New England and was descended from one of the oldest Puritan families; facts that we can ill afford to omit in an estimate of his claims on us. New England, when he was being educated in the school of life, was, if we except the New England of an earlier time, perhaps the most rigidly utilitarian, the most anti-æsthetic community that ever existed within the pale of civilisation. The aim of its Society was material advantages; its practical deity, the main chance. Whatever was not available for strictly useful ends was cast out as idle and unprofitable. Even Religion, still lit with the reflected glare of the witch-fires and still gripping the ugly scourging-whips of persecution, was too little other than a combination of hard, iron-cast laws of an ethical tendency, agreed upon and complied with by ascetics for the two-fold purpose of keeping non-conforming sinners and idealistic heretics out of heaven and of getting themselves in. In this society and with such surroundings, by a strange dispensation of Nature and of Providence, Hawthorne, a poet-souled genius, began life.

But the genius was too strong and genuine to be long confined within the walls of its inherited prison. For, resisting the baneful influence of surrounding disenchantments, it steadfastly worshiped the Beautiful; and, rising gradually but inevitably above hindering and hostile influences, it sought and found broader space and purer light to work in.

When we have lifted art from the frequently narrow acceptance of the term up to its best meaning, we may define Hawthorne's work as artistic, himself as an artist. His aim was fidelity and completeness, his model, perfection. This is manifest, first of all, in his style, or manner of expression. In this regard, his excellence is marked. If, indeed, we except Washington Irving's style, it is safe to say that Hawthorne's is the purest, most classic in our literature. The artistic instinct is ever present on his page, and brooks not the smallest inaccuracy. He gives attention to the minutest details of style, and counts it not unworthy of him to decide, with care and after the fashion of the best models, on the mould of his sentences, the use of his words, the distinctive meaning of his connectives, even the propriety of his punctuation. To his high conception, the most trifling error was such a sin against completeness, the end of all work, as he could not commit. This principle of correctness and thoroughness entered into all that he did. In this respect, he reminds one not a little of Tennyson. If Hawthorne had been a musician, no false note, no violation of the laws of harmony could ever have appeared in his productions. If he had been a painter, his pictures would have been master-pieces of finish and of full conformity to the highest canons of his art. If it had required his life time well and completely to accomplish a single undertaking, he would patiently have given it. Hence it comes that we find no obscurity, no imperfect process, no unfinished beginning in our author's work. This characteristic of his—one that were well more closely imitated by our modern writers—was a cardinal excellence; and, with much less genius than that to which it was joined, could not have failed to produce most valuable results.

But there is nothing like poverty about Hawthorne's genius, nothing dependent on the skill of utilisation. For this smooth-flowing, gracious style is but the happy medium of our communication with an unmistakable power that effects. It is

everywhere present and impressive. Hawthorne's depth of insight into Being, his power of analysing human character are in truth marvellous. He sees so clearly and so far into the innermost feelings and passions of the heart, he is so much at home in its deep mysteries that, at times, he seems possessed of a sort of psychological necromancy. His keen, analytical eye misses none of those subtle analogies that are the links of connection between the material and the spiritual, the visible and the invisible world. Right into the heart of a thing, he looks; not, indeed, in the spirit of a merely curious explorer into the kingdom of the mystic, but rather as with the eye of a studious truth-inspired discoverer, seeking to interpret to his fellow-men some dimly discerned phenomenon of the deep infinity of existence. He brings the lens of his instrument powerfully to bear upon individual objects, nor ceases his critical inspection till he has made a clear and complete analysis of whatever is there, whether it be good or bad. He does not, as Dickens, itinerate through the world about him, and, by studying all its institutions and customs, public and private, gather data for his teachings; nor does he, as Thackeray and George Eliot, sweep the range of universal humanity with the glass of philosophical observation. He deals with the study of human character in a purely inductive way. He may, without extravagance, be called the Bacon of analytical psychology. From the careful examination of particulars, he rises to the highest generalities, and thus gives us the best order of truth. Not infrequently, indeed, he attains a philosophical and moral elevation that is superb.

But in all his exercise of this power, Hawthorne never once does violence to what I have called the high Art-instinct under which he works. His patient, perfect obedience to this ever-present influence becomes most remarkable when we consider the circumstances under which it was developed. There was, as we have seen, very little about him in sympathy with his outreachings after the Beautiful and the Perfect. Unaided,

unencouraged, and almost unnoticed, he toiled towards the accomplishment of every noble ideal. He speaks of himself as being for some years "the obscurest man of letters in America." Emerson, Longfellow, Thoreau, and Channing, were his literary contemporaries, and in some degree, as we learn from himself, his companions. But these men, while they evidently recognized Hawthorne's power and artistic worth, were, in common with the rest of the literary world, strangely neglectful of him. They seem to have been content now and then to see him, and, for the rest, to let him go on with his morbid dreams, his weird fancies, and his Utopian notions. Emerson was, at that early day, rising to the zenith of his fame; and was already furnishing forth, as the intellectual pabulum of New England, his Delphic wisdom, served up with the pungent seasoning of his peculiar style. Longfellow's pleasant commonplaces, decked out in fascinating versification, were in everybody's mouth. But here was Hawthorne, an artist, a poet, a thinker, a careful, earnest student of human nature and a great seeker of truth, almost unknown, and, to all practical ends, wholly uncared for. Surely there can be no more pathetically beautiful sight than must have been that of this man, walking alone the bleak granite hills of New England, wandering through her woods, or lingering by her streams in search of something to soften the "iron facts" of that life which, either with rigid, unlovely piety or with coarse, brutal wickedness, ate and drank and toiled and bargained and hoarded around him. He himself, in many places, bears involuntary witness to the fact that the strongly earthy nature of his surroundings constantly repelled him. But, happily, this very circumstance gave additional earnestness and zest to his æsthetic loves and labours. For by it, his artistic impulses were sharpened in their hunger and thirst after satisfying food, and goaded on to seek it. It seems, indeed, that Hawthorne could not choose but work as he did. In the 'Blithedale Romance,' the history of a self-exiled colony of worldly folk,

who in the role of amateur agriculturists are seeking purer pleasure in the change from metropolitan life to a face-to-face unhindered communion with Nature, he has set forth as distinctly, perhaps, as anywhere, the principle that continually animated him: "While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualization of labor. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth." It was, indeed, this "soul of truth" that ever drew him onward and upward. Yet he was no idle dreamer, forgetting life's actualities in the contemplation of its mysteries. Seldom have realities been wrought on by a firmer hand than his. Not even Emerson, with all his intellectual muscle and his arithmetical directness, has given us more practical philosophy. Because Hawthorne invests his processes of truth-finding and exposition with poetic paraphernalia, and sometimes flings over them with weird magic the spell of the purely fanciful or of the supernatural, he is none the less, nay, he is rather the more an expounder of the facts of existence. There is—let us always remember—a part, and that a very important part, of our being that can not be laid hold on and held under the instruments of the exact sciences; and he, who herein helps us to a better knowledge of truth, is a practical benefactor.

Not less remarkable than Hawthorne's analytical power is his synthetic genius. In his exquisite creations, lie some of the best proofs of his high gifts. Here we find him joining to his artistic skill and his fidelity of aim towards perfection the rarer qualities of the ποιητής. From these creations, it is difficult to make selection with the view of furnishing a fair example. For they are unique, and each one has its peculiar excellence. We may, however, glance at some of them in

passing. In Zenobia, queen of the 'Blithedale Romance,' we have, incarnated, the tropical richness, the tender strength, the sensitive individuality of a somewhat rare, but very real woman. In all that we see of her, from her first charming appearance at the farm-house to the last scene with Hollingsworth, Priscilla and Coverdale, and last of all in her tragic death, she is thoroughly a woman. At times she rises brilliantly above the average of her sex, but she is always

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Her intellect, fine as it is, never dominates her heart—as, indeed, can never be the case with a true woman—and it is the overmastering strength of love, a woman's strongest passion, that, broken against a rude idol of clay, which she mistakenly sets up for a god, at last comes back home to die in sad triumph.

Phoebe Pyncheon is a picture of fresh, blooming maidenhood, bright, true-hearted and, happily, far less schooled than Zenobia in that worldly experience and wisdom which too often in the end bring only aridness of soul and doom of ideal hopes. We find a strange delight in contemplating the antithesis that Phoebe makes against the decayed grandeur of the gloomy old house and its weird environs. She is the single ray of sunlight, the fragrant breeze of wholesome air that plays through the stagnant atmosphere of morbid melancholy. She goes straight to our hearts.

Again in Clifford, who, after serving his time out in the cheerless darkness of a mental eclipse, emerges at last from his own ruins triumphant and serene; in Pearl, the "love-child," a wayward, captivating little elf; in Donatello, the mysterious being who with such matchless grace charms our attention and study to himself from first to last, we have instances of Hawthorne's constructive skill. The syntax of each of these is perfect, and they, with their fellows, constitute a triumph in art, a parallel for which we should seek far to find.

As a humourist, Hawthorne is not in his element; and he attempts little in this direction. But he not more surprises than charms us with the subtle intensity and the happy grace of his occasional touches. Even here, however, there lurks an occult pathos that forbids us to laugh outright, and often strangely kindles our sympathy. For example, in describing poor old Miss Hepzibah, trying one make-shift after another to look pleasing in the eyes of the sensitive Clifford, he says: "She took counsel with herself what might be done, and thought of putting ribbons on her turban; but by the instant rush of several guardian angels was withheld from an experiment that could hardly have proved less than fatal to the beloved object of her anxiety." We can not repress a smile at this; but at the same time our heart warms with a half-tender pity for the unfortunate old gentlewoman, and, after all, we are not a little inclined to suspect that the undeniable humour present is partly an accident.

The worst that has been charged against Hawthorne by the critics is the dark vein of morbidness or gloom that runs through all his work. Well, he is not overcheerful; but it is a matter of opinion how far this is a damaging fault. The cause of it certainly lies deeper than the objectors seem to suppose. As we have seen, the life that he saw and mostly wrote of was not of a joyous and sportive kind. It was such as engendered in him the habit of deep seriousness in everything. Besides this, a fact that he iterates and emphasizes in his writings is to be taken into the account. It is that ancestral characteristics necessarily appear with greater or less force in successive generations. That he feels himself to have inherited a degree of unconquerable melancholy from his stern old Puritan forefathers is everywhere manifest. So strong is his belief in this fact and in its effect on him, that it amounts to what, in one weaker than Hawthorne, we might regard as superstition. He is, as it were, haunted by an ancestral evil genius. "It was impossible," he tells us, "for the succeeding

race to grow up in heaven's freedom beneath the discipline which their gloomy energy of character had established; nor, it may be, have we even yet thrown off all the unfavorable influences which, among many good ones, were bequeathed to us by our Puritan forefathers. Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank him, not less fervently, for being one step further from them in the march of ages." Elsewhere and frequently this same sentiment is brought out with painful distinctness. He seems conscious of its influence upon him, and offers it as a plea for his wonted lack of enthusiasm. In the sketch from which quotation has just been made, he is but vindicating himself when he makes the showman say: "These scenes, you think, are all too sombre. So, indeed, they are; but the blame must rest on the sombre spirit of our forefathers, who wove their web of life with hardly a single thread of rose color or gold, and not on me, who have a tropic love of sunshine, and would gladly gild all the world with it, if I knew where to find so much." He was not, then, as he himself confesses, an optimist in his views of life. But then thoughtful observers of human destiny never are very sanguine.

It is yet an open question how far a writer of fiction may be subjective without transgressing the inherent laws of his art. If we take as models the two greatest masters of literature, Homer and Shakspeare, we shall conclude the highest art to be objective. For they, certainly, made their individuality but the colorless medium through which the glory of genius, unmixed with the less important lights and shadows of personality, streamed for the perpetual illumination and delight of mankind. That is to say, they were purely objective. But so much excellent artistic work exists under contrary conditions, that one would hardly make bold to say much against the subjective element that enters into it. This much as prefatory to the mention of the most serious modification of the excellence of Hawthorne's art work—his subjectiveness. Not, in-

deed, that he wearies us with continually retailing his own experience. But the stream of which he invites us to drink does acquire a trifle too much of the discolouring matter and of the sub-bitter taste of the channel through which it reaches us. Otherwise it is pellucid and sweet enough. This objection, however, is easily over-estimated; for it exists only in so far as to make it discernible. It does not seriously damage, and it loses, if we concede to the subjective school of art an absolute right to be, much of its objectionable force. Hawthorne himself saw it and strove against it. The wonder is that he succeeded so well, and that, with all his hindrances, he realized so much of his ideally artistic purpose. But, in the presence of so much power as he incontestably had, we can not but feel disappointed, to some degree, that he did not fling off all fetters, and furnish our New World with one whole master. The truth is, he did not quite know his own power; or, if at times he felt its uprising demonstrations, he lacked such faith in himself as he needed to inspire his genius to the attainment of its highest possibilities.

Hawthorne's morally didactic aims were not a little narrowed in their scope by what went somewhat too near to fatalism. So much, he believed, could human effort and design accomplish, and no more. We may infer this from a passage in the 'House of Seven Gables.' Of Holgrave, the artist's, character, he says: "As to the main point—may we never live to doubt it—as to the better centuries that are coming, the artist was surely right. His error lay in supposing that this age, more than any past or future one, is destined to see the tattered garments of antiquity exchanged for a new suit, instead of gradually renewing themselves by patch-work; in applying his own little life-span as the measure of an interminable achievement; and, more than all, in fancying that it mattered anything to the great end in view, whether he himself should contend for it or against it." "Yet," adds our author with a sort of philosophic pity and patient sympathy, "it was

well for him to think so. This enthusiasm, infusing itself through the calmness of his character, would serve to keep his youth pure and make his aspirations high. And when, with the years settling down more weightily upon him, his early faith should be modified by inevitable experience, it would be with no harsh and sudden revolution of sentiments. He would still have faith in man's brightening destiny, and perhaps love him all the better as he should recognize his helplessness in his own behalf; and the haughty faith with which he began life would be well bartered for a far humbler one at its close, in discerning that man's best directed effort accomplishes a kind of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities."

The inexorable tone of Society about him and the rigid sequence of harsh results, issuing forth from causes that he had had no part in, imbued Hawthorne with this sentiment, and he seems never wholly to have freed himself from its influence. Its effect was, not in any way to damage the work that he did, but to limit the ends that he worked for. He doubtless believed steadfastly in the "brightening destiny of man," in the truth of the world's progress; but he was never fired with any high hope of personally effecting reform and improvement. His "awful power of insight," as it has been called, discovered to him the innate sinfulness and weakness that are irremediably blended with the better elements of human character too clearly to admit his being an enthusiastic reformer. He seems to have thought that the most he could do, was to make his own life and labours a strong struggle toward high ends.

After all, perhaps Hawthorne is right. Society—it may not be treason to suspect—has too many self-appointed missionaries and reformers. Too much of the didactic stuff that is dinned into its ears by these over-enthusiasts is what the honest old Chelsean philosopher, with classic severity, calls the "mal-odorous phosphorescence of post-mortem sentiment-

alism." Better and safer it may be to educate and ennoble otherwise than by continual precept and lecture. You can read Hawthorne with no fear of being gored by the horny old commonplace *hæc fabula docet*. In one of his prefaces he says: "The author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story as with an iron rod. A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely and skillfully wrought out, brightening at every step and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but it is never any truer, and seldom any more evident at the last page than at the first." A worthy sentiment that, and one too little kept sight of by modern fiction-writers.

But, though Hawthorne does not assume the place of your moral mentor, he will yet, if you like his manner and company, work with you and for you in the search after the noblest truth. Labor with him in the mine of investigation, and he himself, with his fine sinewy strength, wields the tools and generously turns out for you the richest treasures. Become his fellow-student in the lore of life, and he lends you marvelous aid. Wander with him into the woods and fields, and he enchants you with his deep, glorious appreciation of the Beautiful. What a noble paean of outbursting enjoyment of God's gifts to men is this passage from the preface to the 'Mosses from an Old Manse': "Still later in the season, Nature's tenderness waxes stronger. It is impossible not to be fond of our Mother now, for she is so fond of us. At other periods she does not make this impression on me, or only at rare intervals; but in those genial days of autumn, when she has perfected her harvests, and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do, then she overflows with a blessed superfluity of love. She has leisure to caress her children now. It is good to be alive, and at such times. Thank heaven for breath! Yes, for mere breath, when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this. It comes with a real kiss upon our cheeks; it would linger fondly around us, if it might; but

since it must be gone, it embraces us with its whole kindly heart, and passes on to embrace likewise the next thing that it meets. A blessing is flung abroad, and scattered far and wide over the earth to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline upon the still unwithered grass, and whisper to myself: 'Oh, perfect day!—Oh, beautiful world!—Oh, beneficent God!' And it is the promise of a blessed eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days, and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them, above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal. His sunshine is the golden pledge thereof. It beams through the gates of Paradise, and shows us glimpses far inward."

When we have studied Hawthorne closely and deeply enough to know him in his full significance and at his best, he becomes to us much more than a mere skilful artist and a graceful teller of old legends. We see him then as an earnest worker, who never descended from the high plane of his endeavour, a noble student and teacher of truth, who permitted nothing to balk his high aspirations—a master, indeed, whom the New World can with confidence match, as a kindred spirit and a worthy fellow, with the illustrious lights of the Old.

December, 1875.

MODERN MATHEMATICIANS AS EDUCATORS.

In making a little psychological study of the human mind in relation to its most abstract scientific development, in Pure Mathematics, one is led to recognize in this branch of human acquirement an exceedingly interesting example of mental division of labor.

Mathematics is by nearly two thousand years the most advanced, most differentiated of sciences. Since Euclid's Elements it has had none of the overthrows and re-arrangements so startlingly exemplified by Chemistry, Physics and Meta-

physics. Every stride has been a true and acknowledged advance. No theorems are pulled down to have others set up in their place, but each one, when once proved, is proved forever. And so at present it has come to be by far the most vast, most technical, most recondite, most abstruse of sciences. It almost shows a special education to know even the names of the hundreds of branches into which it is divided, in most of which have been written many special treatises and Memoirs innumerable.

To many the term Mathematics embraces simply Algebra, Geometry, Analytic Geometry, Calculus, Differential and Integral. Though in any one of these is work sufficient for a very long lifetime, yet it need hardly be said that these constitute only the simple alphabet in which mathematics writes her plainest stories, while she has many kinds of short-hand in which she prints, some of which, like Merlin's book, take years for even the most initiated to decipher. Yet her mass of truths is so stupendous that a triply condensed notation only serves to express the most important of them, and the greatest force is constantly directed to the finding of generalizations which shall enable one to bind up into a single theorem whole classes of truths.

Now under the pressure of this state of affairs, we find that the old Geometer has been divided into at least three separate men by the division of labor and the action of demand and supply. The first symptom of a public appreciation of the case was a gradually growing opinion that the most original workers were not the best teachers in mathematics.

The genius in geometry, withdrawing himself from the world, produced from the long, rapt pondering of his gifted mind the poems of science—the truths of space. These are written out in memoirs and read before learned societies. But unfortunately to understand them requires a very high degree of preparation on the part of the listener, which very few have the perseverance or power to attain unaided. This calls for

teachers. Moreover in nearly every scheme of education since Plato, has been recognized the grand value of the broad foundation principles of mathematics as a discipline for all minds; and those who knew the radical difference between a born poet or painter or mathematician, and the vast and most important majority of mankind, saw that to this majority those broad principles would need to be skillfully taught. So from time to time men of talent have given their minds to solve this problem of teaching, and have made themselves beloved and revered by their scholars. Yet the great professorships at the great Universities were not given to teachers, but to writers of original memoirs, and so the writing of memoirs increased an hundredfold—not books or treatises meant to be generally intelligible, but usually short papers read before learned societies which could not understand them, but which printed them to be afterwards read and praised by a few mathematicians. This led naturally to a third class, neither teachers nor original writers, but men who could not bear to see all these memoirs, the results of such a vast expenditure of time and brain-power, entombed forever in the archives of learned societies. These men, wishing to be of most use to their race, carefully read these memoirs, and after long and patient study of them, digested them into connected treatises, supplying the missing links and making them really part of the available mental wealth of the world.

Now you have the classification—Writers of Memoirs, Teachers, Readers—the last class including the writers of non-original treatises and all text-books. Of course this applies fully only to mathematicians of modern times—best to those alive today. In fact we can go back and see all three splendidly united in Euclid, founder of the grand Alexandrian School of Geometers, the original creator of the Porisms and the writer or compiler of the most successful text-book the world has ever seen.

But already in Archimedes and Apollonius, the two most original of the ancient geometers, the division is beginning to be made, and they have no longer time to devote themselves to teaching. In Pappus of Alexandria we have the first great case of Reader. Coming down to modern times, the differentiation begins to be more visible, and we recognize in Leibnitz and the two Bernouillis members of the First class, writers of Memoirs. In spite of the enormous excitement produced by the discovery of the Calculus, neither of these three, its first and most powerful cultivators on the continent, wrote any book on the subject. Newton was almost a double man, yet his *Principia* contained no exposition of Calculus or Fluxions, and it remained for a Reader, the Marquis de L'Hospital, to write the first book on the Calculus, which was afterward translated into English by Edmund Stone, F. R. S.

As showing a transition, yet not that perfect accordance with the division exhibited by living cultivators of Pure Mathematics, may be grouped here four of the most wonderful minds this world has ever contained—Newton, La Place, La Grange and Rowan Hamilton. They are really writers of original memoirs, only the tremendous power and perseverance of the men made their memoirs take such size that they could not be compressed into the transactions of any society and were published in book form. The memoir character of their works will be recognized immediately when one remembers that they were utterly inexplicable and unattainable to ordinary minds without the most elaborate expounding by men of great mathematical talent. The amount of work which has been given to expound Newton, ever since his first memoirs appeared, is something astounding. From the great treatise on Fluxions of MacLaurin down to the wonderful trilogy of Sylvester, the most original have not deemed it beneath them to write extended papers on little parts, perhaps single sentences of Newton's works. For La Place, from many may be mentioned three—Nathaniel Bowditch, Mrs. Sommerville, Lord Brougham.

Hamilton while yet alive reckoned as expounders and writers on his Quaternions, as he said, "In these countries, Messrs. Boole, Carmichael, Cayley, Cockle, De Morgan, Donkin, Charles and John Graves, Kirkman, O'Brien, Spottiswoode, Young," and last but greatest in this subject, Guthrie Tait.

But we must hasten on to the final result as exemplified by the greatest pure mathematicians of to-day. To-day it is an acknowledged fact that the greatest and most prominent mathematicians are not good teachers, and some of them are exceedingly bad teachers. They must be expounded by the two other classes of geometers, the Teachers and the Readers.

The late Baron Augustin Cauchy is considered the greatest French analyst of the generation. He wrote seven hundred and ninety memoirs, which remain for Readers to expound and digest into treatises for the world in general. Of Englishmen, the two most prominent pure mathematicians are Arthur Cayley and J. J. Sylvester. Sylvester has written one hundred and fourteen original memoirs and Cayley a much larger number. Sylvester never has written and never will write any book. Cayley has been often besought to write a book on Elliptic Functions, and an English firm have for years had an advertisement of it on their catalogue, as preparing, but now in point of fact, nothing is being done toward the book. Fortunately these two men have found a most able reader in Dr. George Salmon, who has drawn from their memoirs, and others of the same kind, four splendid books, which have made the whole world indebted to him. Still, because he has done this, instead of spending an equal time in writing original memoirs, he has lost his claim, in the highest circles, to be considered a great mathematician. Because he has benefited the whole world, instead of the high mathematical circles only, he must take his place with Todhunter, as a reader and writer of books, not a great and original mathematician.

And now many interested in education must have noticed that, although these great men are all Professors, they are not Teachers and have almost no scholars. The two most powerful and original American mathematicians are undoubtedly Prof. Benjamin Peirce and Prof. Simon Newcomb. Newcomb does not teach at all, and Peirce out of the great University of Harvard, has averaged, we think, in one of his classes only two students, and in another only a single student. Now the greatest mathematician in England, and according to the highest judgment, by far the greatest mathematician in the world is Arthur Cayley, Professor of Pure Mathematics at Cambridge. Prof. Sylvester says that he considers Arthur Cayley equal to any two German Mathematicians, and added: "Cayley knows everything, or where to find everything, which amounts to the same thing;" and in reference to this Prof. Newcomb said that the statement was by no means so far from the truth as to be ridiculous. Yet this Cayley, the greatest, most original alive, and so learned as to be considered a double man, holding the chair in a University which more than any other in the world devotes itself to Pure Mathematics, has had for years an average attendance at his lectures of—most ridiculous—two students; and Prof. Newcomb said that it was two instead of one, he thought, because some law or custom requires the attendance of two in order that the Lecturer may address them as "Gentlemen." I can reach no higher climax to demonstrate to you that the writer of original memoirs is no longer a teacher.

To get any true good from his discourses, or to understand him at all, the student must be a born mathematician, and even then he can learn much more quickly and with less effort from a real Teacher. And there are Teachers at Cambridge—Teachers of such proved ability that their doors are thronged with students anxious to pay high prices for their instruction on the very subjects on which Adams, Cayley, Challis, Stokes, &c., are delivering elaborate courses of free University lectures to empty benches. By turning to page 46 of Toddhunter's

"Conflict of Studies," one may get, in a few minutes, some vague idea of the great importance of these teachers in Cambridge. He there mentions the celebrated Mr. Hopkins, to whom, for many years, rushed those who wished for the highest honors and had sufficient money to pay for such eminent instruction—including Todhunter himself.

Now it is entirely obvious to all young men, which of these classes is imperatively demanded to make the American college system a success. Our boys have not the wealth necessary to support the Cambridge plan. As a general rule they must rely for instruction in mathematics on the salaried Professor of their College. Therefore everything depends on having that Professor above all things a Teacher—one who loves and reverences teaching for its own sake.

H. (BALTIMORE).

CUSTER'S LAST RIDE.

"O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered."
None knew this was made,
Though the guns thundered.

Only three hundred men
Into that fearful den
Rode in the daylight;
Not one escaped that fire,—
Strong son and noble sire
Lay in the twilight.

From old Thermopylae,
Lone, at the close of day,
Two men retreated;
Bearing to Sparta's gate
That dark decree of fate—
"We are defeated."

Sparta deep curses cast
Down on the men who passed
Out of that hellish blast,
Safe and unwounded.
Now at a greater ill
All the great world is still,
Still and dumfounded.

Never a man has come
Out of that awful tomb
Into the daylight.
Death and hell reigned supreme ;
Gods ! but it seems a dream,
Dreamed in the twilight.

Well, let them take their rest
On the broad prairie's breast,
Kind as a mother's.
Not one will evermore
Meet at his father's door
Sisters or brothers.

They are not sister's now,
They are not brother's now,
They are not father's now,—
Life is transcended.
World wears them in its heart,
Never from there to part
Till Time is ended.

Softly the evening breeze,
Wafted from western seas,
Murmurs their obsequies
While ages run ;
Till the Great Master's voice
Cries, while the skies rejoice,
" It was well done."

July 16, 1876.

TRICOTRIN.

"TO THINE OWNSELF BE TRUE."

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION,* BY WM. E. SLEMMONS.

The age is imitative. One might almost as well be dead as eccentric. Custom rules with a stronger hand than the magistrate. James Russell Lowell says: "With most people the code of society is stronger than that of Sinai." The very children on the doorstep catch the spirit, and the popular song, heard first in New York to-day, rings out before a week's end from the streets of San Francisco. The almost universal cry is for the "old country." Multitudes throng the shrine of the "old masters," who have no conception of that spirit of self-reliance and devotion which animated them. Angelo trusted the genius of Angelo, and Raphael mixed colors by Raphael's rule. Why not then, however small, trust that genius that is in thyself? But no: conformity binds us with chains, and their clanking is heard, too, on other than the "plains of Boston." If I am an artisan, and it be the time of a strike, even though my children clamor around me for bread, the Trade Union will prevent me from working. Is it possible—a part of society conspiring against the independence of a man! We call this a progressive age; and it is. But there are lost arts of which we know nothing. The painted savage has, in some respects, a higher notion of self-reliance than we. The little boy, who for the first time wears a coat and vest, carries a watch and can tell you the time; but the urchin savage can tell it by the sun. He can run faster, strike harder, sleep better. Is it of no moment to have a strong arm, a steady nerve, a quick eye?

I wage no war with society. There are noble principles which lie at the basis of our modern civilization; a higher love for art, perhaps; a deeper human sympathy; an onward tendency to an universal brotherhood. We gain in one respect;

*Requested for publication.

let us not lose in another. While we *admit* the great truths that come crowding upon us, demanding acceptance, we lack "the will to do, the soul to dare." We lie supine, while the favored few advance. We *protest* against this. The true course of society is not the development of isolated men, but the elevation of the race. We have already reached the acme of individual development. Can this modern age surpass the strains of David, the work of Phidias, or the thought of Plato? But men are afraid of contradiction and inconsistency. I know men who will lie to-day to be, forsooth, consistent with the truth of yesterday. We hamper our politicians by showing up their "records." But why need I fear to contradict myself, if I can do it *honestly*? If last year I were an *honest* democrat, what shall hinder me this year from being an honest republican? Shall we make no allowance for growth in men? The bark at the base of the hickory tree tells us what it has been, but its towering head and spreading branches tell us what it is to-day.

You will be misunderstood? Others before you have been misunderstood. A great man is always ahead of his age. Galileo was misunderstood, and suffered at the hands of the Inquisition. Christ was misunderstood, and was *crucified*.

I can see in my fancy, on a cold wintry day, a slender young woman, scantily clad, skirting the streets of one of our cities. It is at that dreary period when the last twilight of departing day is clasping hands with the coming shades of night. The story of want is written on her face, and the sad "I know not where to get my daily bread" is borne to my ears by the whistling wind. The howling blasts seem to mock her, as her well-worn clothing flutters in their grasp. She presses on; and wrapping closer around her the threadbare shawl, casts her eye toward her breast, as if trying to look upon her hidden heart within. At last, as if catching a glimpse of her earnest soul, she casts her eye upward, and pointing her finger says: "With Him above, I can trust myself." Noble

soul! And you, turn your eye inward, and you will find a friend on whom *you* can rely.

* * * * * "All this anguish in the thick
Of men's opinions press and counterpress,
Now up, now down, now underfoot, and now
Emergent all the best of it, perhaps,
But throws you back upon a noble trust
And use of your own instinct."

Henry D. Thoreau did one act that was inexpressibly noble. The country was, at the time, agitated by the execution of John Brown. He sent word to the council at Concord that he would speak next afternoon on John Brown, and told them to get ready for the meeting. The council dissuaded him; the mob would attack him, the people would be incensed, the whole country was in a ferment. But to no purpose. He would speak; he did speak. As he stood before the assembly, his dark eye flashing fire, his bearing calm and intrepid, while he spoke scathing and denunciatory words of that foul deed, not a finger was raised against him. The mob was afraid of courage. It always shrinks when a man dares face it. He lived, and you have lived to see that he was right. After all, the discovery of truth is not so much as the courage to state it.

"For once let a man show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, 'twill fly at his heels.
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet, if he flings it a bone."

The pugilist teaches us a lesson we are slow to heed. The man to be feared is not the blustering, flushed-faced fellow of loud words. But the dangerous man is he, who, conscious of his strength, calmly beckons you with his finger, while he keeps his clenched fist quietly beside him, as a sort of reserved power. The cool, self-reliant man always conquers. This was the secret of Chatham's power. I have somewhere read: "It was the magnetism of his person, the haughty assumption of superiority, the scowl of his imperial brow, the ominous

growl of his voice, 'like thunder heard remote,' and above all, the evidence which these furnished of an imperious and overwhelming *will*, that abashed the proudest peers in the House of Lords and made his words perform the offices of stabs and blows."

Black Hawk said: "I am a man." How many of us *dare* say that? Yet it is true. You can't make me anything else. Infuse hare's blood into my veins, you can't make me quail. Fill them with serpent's blood, you can't make me hiss. Trample me under foot, I will laugh you to scorn. The *rebound* of the soul is always greater than the blow.

Pietro de Medici once commanded Michael Angelo to carve a statue in snow. The task was executed. There it stood, bright and beautiful, sparkling the sunlight from a million crystals. But it was ephemeral and faded. His Horned Moses, his Day and Night bear witness to us of his transcendent genius. Some day they, too, will fade. But do you think that statue he was all that time carving for himself, out of his own spirit, will fade! No, that is with God. And you, serve no master, carve for no haughty prince. Remember, as you pick off bit by bit, that each good act, each noble thought, is one stroke of the chisel which is forming a statue for the throne of God. It was a law of the old Jewish theocracy that every year of Jubilee, amidst the blast of the trumpet and the freeing of the captives, the property should come back to its original owner. We are dealt with more bountifully. It is a law of Eternal Justice that when a great thought has gone from the brain of one of earth's giants, no year of Jubilee can call it back. It becomes, thenceforth, the common inheritance of all mankind, and by a sort of literary transmigration of soul comes in to elevate and ennoble its recipient. With this thought, then, I think I see beaming in every eye, quivering on every lip, the cry: Drum out the age of the animal; ring in the age of the man. Sound the note of manhood's integrity in the world's dull tympanum till it burst. Let the long years

brighten as they lengthen, and humanity regain its lost faith in itself.

"This above all—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

SELF WORSHIP.

The egotist looks upon himself as the central fact of the universe. If nature did not, as in Owen Glendower's case, shake like a coward at his birth, the star of his nativity nevertheless marks a new epoch in human history. His life is a perpetual marvel and his virtues past finding out. Though the world should blindly overlook his perfections he will not fail in *self*-appreciation. A man must sound his own trumpet before him, and a worthy action performed by the *right* hand loses half its value if the left hand be not a sharer of the secret. The old philosophical dictum, "Man is the measure of all things," is the first principle of his faith and practice. He therefore translates the heathen adage, "Know thyself," into the transcendental injunction, "Adore thyself." The so called selfmade man is your greatest egotist. He regards himself as one of the typical forms of creation, and he derives from the depths of personal experience grounds for a firm adherence to the orthodox view of causation, for is he not himself the efficient and meritorious cause of a somewhat marvelous effect. In his view no new thing of *any consequence* can begin to be without a cause.

But men, whether selfmade or not, are liable to the infection of self-worship. The heathens bow down to stocks and stones; the Hebrews offered up incense to a golden calf, and even that paragon of all known perfection, an American citizen, is not free from all suspicion of a tendency toward idolatry. "Brother Jonathan," remarks the satirist, "might be appropriately painted in the characteristic attitude of taking off

his hat to himself." A wit says of a well-known American journalist, that, though not noted for veneration, yet no man in the sphere of his acquaintance was more regular or devoted in the worship of his Maker—a statement which loses all its interest when we are informed that the distinguished knight of the quill was the architect of his own fortune. For who can gainsay the sincerity of the man who is the object of his own adoration, or the heartiness of the handgrip of self-congratulation?

Philosophy teaches that self-consciousness runs parallel with our most elementary cognitions. Our hero adopts the principle as a basis for his egotism. He smells a rose and the act derives additional gusto from the fact that his own ego smells it. His friend who enjoys the odor of the same rose is manifestly the dupe of his own credulity, for the rose obviously is a subjective creation of the egotist's own brain and has no objective existence—*worth speaking of*. He is the true lord of creation, and the old barbarian, who constrained the rocks and trees to dance to the strains of his lyre, was but a neophyte in comparison with our hero who can call up this grand panorama of nature, at will, and at will dismiss it again to the shades of nonentity. Aladdin's lamp and ring were but faint anticipations of his marvelous gift, and the boast of the doughty Welshman, that "the earth shaked like a coward" at his nativity, sinks, in comparison, from hyperbole into a modest statement of facts. But it is possible that the philosophical egotist may not go the full length of his prerogative. He considerably allows the external world to possess an objective and independent reality to others. But farther than this no right minded egotist will consent to go. All history is eloquent with warnings against the indiscriminate application of general principles. Admonished by experience, he will wisely deny the validity of the rule when applied to his own cognitions. If then there be any defect in his vision; if he falls into the pit of some temporary sorrow, or the demon of for-

getfulness casts his baneful shadow over his personal identity, let no sceptic presume to question the sincerity of his belief in the vanity and instability of all sublunary things, for it is founded on sound Cartesian principles. Let no cynical dog attribute the pious fervor with which he sings, "This world's a dream, an empty show," to wounded self-love or dyspepsia.

But the wise man will not quarrel with human pretensions. He will look beneath the play of egotism on the surface to the instinct of personality which underlies it. The power and beauty of life springs from its individuality. The motive power of humanity lies in personal force. But it is none the less true, that the strongest individuality is that which has least to say of itself, which leaves to the stones to prate of its whereabouts; and the stones do prate. The old classic myth of Orpheus celebrates nothing less than the power of a grand individuality to touch with new life the human trees and stones with which it comes into contact. The greatest personal force has ever been found conjoined with a high degree of modesty in its assertion. It is false, whatever men say to the contrary, that the world will take a man at his own estimate. Fools may, but wisdom shapes the ultimate judgments of mankind and empty pretensions will in the end be exploded. The two prominent individualities of the world's history are Socrates and Jesus Christ. With Socrates ego was nothing, truth all in all. Jesus Christ sacrificed self to his Father's will and human good, and yet the world bowed instinctively before the grand power of their kingly presence. It is urged in extenuation of the egotism of gifted minds that all genius is self-conscious. That is true, without doubt, but conscious power is power in repose; self-assertion is a confession of weakness. Comparatively harmless when it finds expression in the ridiculous strut of personal vanity, egotism is more baneful when it leads to a disregard of the feelings and claims of others. A nose, while it maintains due proportions, is, on the whole, a useful and in some cases a beautiful appendage, but when it

incontinently usurps the entire facial surface and stretches out laterally *ad infinitum*, it becomes a just occasion for condolence, both to the unfortunate possessor and to his friends.

A man without his ego is like a body without a skeleton—limp and lymphatic; an ego without a man is an insupportable nuisance to mankind in general.

What, then, is poor suffering humanity to do? Shall he drop the precious freight and merge the little rivulet of self into the great untroubled deep of impersonal being? No! self-annihilation is the dream of monks and mystics. There are many stages between the abnegation of a Kempis and the sublime self-deification of the half-crazed modern poet, but it is an open question whether one extreme is nobler than the other. The time spirit has weighed both in the balance and found them wanting. The egotist in religion, literature or social life, who, imagining himself the perfected fruit of the institutions and spirit of the age, demands that civilization shall pipe to the dance of his own supersensible self-glorification, is doomed to disappointment. He will wake from his delusion to find his slender craft floating helplessly out into the limbo of fools, while the tide of the world's true progress, bearing on its bosom the men and women who prefer that modesty should not become a lost art or exist merely as a historical fossil, sweeps onward toward a grand consummation.

Egotism in literature is the spirit of isolation and self-sufficiency; it is thus the antithesis of the genius of letters, which arises out of the social and organic principle and attains its highest perfection in the most perfect nationality. Egotism in politics represents lawlessness and disintegration. It is the spirit of clan, working against the tendency toward national unity and human brotherhood. In morals it fosters a low and selfish theory of virtue. In religion it develops the pharisee or the eremite; in society, the snob, the coxcomb and the man of one idea. Against all such abnormities the social spirit of the world rebels. The secret of Christian civilization is *un-*

selfishness, and its perfect flower will bloom when every man shall be a hero and every woman a heroine, but none so poor as to glorify self. The purest religion, the truest social instincts, the best literature and the highest philosophy—each contributes a stone to the statue of perfected humanity, and when it is complete it will present the well-rounded individuality of man, standing out great and grand in its self-renouncement.

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

Religion is the key-note of life. Be it All-God, No-God, One-God, it is that which, in the full chord of individual and national existence, makes either harmony or discord. We estimate a nation's learning by her literature; her industry, by her productions; her enterprise, by her commerce and trade; but of the nation itself; of her influence, importance, standing; of her real, intrinsic worth, as a nation, we judge by her religion. There can be nothing more engrossing than to go back and thus search out the very essence of our Pagan Fathers' life, and, most especially, of our own ancestors—the Norsemen—for we can so claim them, as well as Angles and Normans.

It is with reverential feelings, that we tread the silent streets and deserted houses of this Pompeii of Heathendom. We cannot but feel that all these curious and uncouth myths were once real and awful to them—our Fathers. I most heartily agree with Carlyle, when he says: "I honor them for their strong faith, even be it a wrong faith; it was a sincere one." It took deep root in their daily life; it framed their deeds, their words, their very thoughts. How far more dignified and independent this, than the sensuous creeds of the Greeks—the representatives of their eastern and southern brethren. This is the great characteristic of Northern Mythol-

ogy—down-right sincerity. I care not whether theorists attribute it to the climate, to their retired position, or to their customs and manners—sincere it was, and more so will it appear to us, looking at it now, amid the tinsel and dross that surrounds us. It is refreshing, thus, to get a breath of cold, clear, pure air from the ice-blue fields and peaks of the North. We feel thankful for the Danish Invasion, and for the Norsemen's blood in our veins.

What were the chief features of this religion, or non-religion of our Fathers? They worshipped Nature. Their principal deities were personifications of Nature's visible workings. Their evil Giants, or Jötuns, were the dark and tempestuous outbursts of Nature; while their Gods, or Asen, were her warm and friendly smiles. Like the Gods and Titans of the South, they were at enmity; but unlike them, their battles never ceased. Between these two opposing powers, the whole Universe was divided. What a truthfulness it shows in their belief! What has man, by all his years of thinking, morally and practically, arrived at, farther on than this? Every thing, to-day, as it did eight hundred years ago, resolves itself into right or wrong,—good or evil.

Their principal divinity—the God of their Gods—was Odin. And, in tracing out the origin of their myths, around no one hangs there more mystery, and yet a mystery, interesting in its very mysteriousness, than around Odin. We are carried back a century of centuries, aye, more, when man, in his journey from east to west, looked and wondered, with a vague, unknown feeling at the manifestations of Nature. And it would be better if we wondered more at her beauties and her grandeur. Only because we care not to think, do we fail to appreciate all she does for us. More devout than we, they revered the powers they saw. "What we lecture about now, as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before as Religion." They had the dim, instinctive wonder of the animal, the doubting, inquiring feeling of man. Their belief,

their faith, was gradually and firmly formed in their inmost souls. It but needed some powerful mind, some sympathetic heart, some bold nature, to bring it out—to take the first step—and they all would follow. There was such an one ready—Odin—the first Norse thinker; and we wonder not that his countrymen loved him, adored him, nay, even worshipped him as a revelation to them—a prophet—a God. What they had been laboring to express, to think out—to grasp at—he brought within their reach. It was leading them from darkness to light. No wonder, I say, that they deified him—their Moses—their Joshua—their Christ.

Such was their supreme God. Their future state, unlike the Grecian, was but two-fold—Asgard, the garden of the Asen, and the realms of Hela, the Death-goddess. The brave were awarded a place in their heaven; others found eternal abode in their hell.

Bravery was their end of existence. They were not content, Greek-and-Roman-like, to sit and sing to their Gods. They must up and fight. The brave alone could receive a home with Odin. Their God was a warrior; his children must be like him. And were they so far from right, after all, these simple-minded, sincere heathen? What makes the *man*, now, unless it be bravery? What makes the *Christian*, unless it be courage? Why do we turn, again and again, to that outburst of David's faith: "God is our Refuge and Strength," unless it be for our encouragement? How do we come out against the powers of darkness with the battle-cry: "The Lord of Hosts is with us," unless it be through the courage thus given us? A *man* must be a brave man; a *Christian* a courageous Christian. It was, doubtless, a very repulsive and uncivilized bravery. It was natural that it should be. They knew no better. We read of Kings, seeing the powers of death approaching, launched afloat, with sails set and slow fire burning, to die by flame and billow—a death that should be worthy of a future life. Tennyson has modified and beautified this into his

"Morte d'Arthur." And we can almost see the barge as it moves away,

* * * "Like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure, cold, plume and takes the flood,
With swarthy webs, * * * * *
* * * * * Till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away."

Wild as this valor was, it was softened with an honest and heartfelt pity, an active pity; as there are but few instances in Southern myths. And it makes one's heart heavy with sympathy, as we read of the death of Balder—the "White God"—and the artless, sincere attempts to save him. Even Odin, the great Father Spirit, descends from his throne to consult the prophetess, and ascertain the fate of the "Sungod." Frigga, Odin's Queen, exacts an oath from all Nature, not to harm Balder. She omits an insignificant beech tree, which, in the hands of Loke, the Principle of Evil, causes Balder's death. Then all Nature mourns. Even Death weeps. Hermoder is sent to seek him, and, if possible, bring him back. With a heart full of love, he rides nine days and nights to the Golden Bridge, when he learns that Balder has gone to the Kingdom of Death, "down yonder, far toward the North." But the Norse love does not stagger at that. Hermoder keeps on. He leaps Hell's gate. He sees the "Sungod," and speaks with him. But all his rugged eloquence, his earnest persuasion, his sincere entreaty, nay, his authority as a messenger from Odin, cannot move Hela. Even Nanna, Balder's wife, who volunteered to accompany her husband, must stay, too. Long does Hermoder plead. Hela is inexorable. That characteristic determination of the Norse belief must needs have him so. Their God of Hell was no Pluto, sickened and captivated by mortal beauty, and yielding to argument and entreaty. Sorrowfully does Hermoder turn back, bearing Balder's ring to Odin, and Nanna's thimble to Frigga. It must have been with

heavy heart, that he approached the mansions of the blessed, and with still heavier hearts must those tender souls have listened to the recountal of his visit, and received those tokens of affection from the dead. With Carlyle, as I read this touching story, I can only say: "Ah me!"

They seemed to have had, deep at heart, the feeling that this world, with its responsibilities, duties, pleasures, was but an appearance that passed away. Their tree, *Igdrasil*, the Tree of Existence, in its very rustling, seemed to sigh away the life of man, and Thor's expedition to the stronghold of the Jötuns—*Utgard*—shows us how even their deities, their *Asen*, were not proof against the "inevitable things." And I can not refrain from jotting it down—so suggestive is it.

Old Thor started out with *Thialfi* and *Loki*. The God of Thunder had on his iron gauntlets, his magic belt, and carried his hammer of strength. Determined he was to see this Jötunheim, most thoroughly, and lessen, somewhat, the pride of the Giants. The evening shades came on, and these three sought for shelter. Suddenly, they came before a house, whose door actually took up the whole of one of its sides. Thankfully, they entered and were soon fast asleep. But, in the dead of midnight, terrific noises awoke them. Thor grasps his hammer and, while his companions hide in a closet they had discovered, stands in the doorway, ready for fight. But no enemy appeared, and, in the morning, they found it was but the peaceful snoring of *Skrymir*, the Giant, who had lain down, near by, for rest, and their shelter had been his glove—a true Giant mitten. Thor was confused, but he must never show it; soon he and his companions toddled while *Skrymir* kindly carries their luggage. That evening Thor's suspicions got the better of him, so he delivered him of his most powerful blows, full on the temples of the Jötun; but they had no more effect on him than so many falling leaves, and Thor gave up in despair. Arriving at the gate of *Utgard*, *Skrymir* left them, while Thor and his friends were admitted, and,

games being in progression, the hospitality of the place was offered them, and they were kindly invited to participate. Thor is handed a drinking-horn, with the encouraging words that it was considered nothing to drink it dry. What could *he* do? Well, Thor thought; a god that had consumed as much nectar as he had, around the festal board of Odin, need not scare. "Pshaw! One long pull and it will go." But "one long pull" did not make any impression, nor two, nor even three. Thor gives up, and the Utgardians laugh him "red, with shame," and want to know if he could lift that cat at his feet. Up Thor jumps, seizes the cat by the tail and gives a pull that would have annihilated any civilized animal; but he barely moves one of her feet from the ground and nothing more. Thor is mad now, and wipes the sweat from his brow while the Giants roar with laughter, and ask the weak child if he thought he could throw that old woman at his side.

With all the pent up shame, anger and strength of his God nature, old Thor rushes at her and—is thrown. That is enough for Thor; he leaves, and the chief Jötun, accompanying them a short distance from the city walls, bids them farewell and, turning to Thor, says: "Never try to split the Earth; drink dry the Sea; nor tear up the Girdle of the Universe. And above all things, don't wrestle with Quin. She conquers all." A broad Norse humor all through; but, underneath, a sad, resigned conviction of impending change—and death.

And, as civilization advanced on them, and, as the inroads of christianity changed them, in thought and life, we see this time honored belief, struggling strongly at first, gradually weakening under the broad influences of that great Sun, until the last convulsion—the final effort—and all is still; the work of ages sinks back, back, far beyond the dark regions of the North, and we can almost hear the last of the Pagan Kings, as he floats away in his death barge, saying to his Bedivere:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills himself in many ways,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,
Comfort thyself. What comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done,
May He within himself make pure.
And now farewell. I am going a long way,
To the island valley of Arillion,
Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow;
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies,
Deep meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows, crowned with summer sea;
When I will heal me of my grievous wounds."

M.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

How solemn is the Darkness!
It reigneth everywhere;
How mournful is the Stillness
That fills the balmy air!
But ah! the morning splendor
Shall rend the gloomy veil,
And brightness move the terror
From every hill and dale.
A sky of tender radiance!
Hues charming o'er it play;
On flight, the gloom and silence,
Mark! mark the Dawn of Day!
Ten thousand voices swelling,
In joyful melody
All Nature is rejoicing
In perfect liberty.

D. D. J.

VOICE OF THE ALUMNI.

ARE FRATERNITIES A GOOD THING? A SEQUEL TO "COLLEGE FRATERNITIES."

In the last LIT. we affirmed that the object of a collegiate education was to fit men for the better performance of the duties of after life. Proceeding we found that it was inevitable that the members of a college would form friendships, and that these friendships necessarily tended to secrecy. Farther that the intimacy of the members of a fraternity was the basis and the type of the intercourse of man with man in the outside world and embraced the germ of that grandest of all human motives—the doctrine of the Solidarity of Mankind. We inferred that fraternities must therefore be an agency indispensable to the attainment of the end of a college course. In order that our argument might escape the imputation and the treatment of empty theorizing we subjected it to the *a posteriori* test; namely the lives of fraternity men which for our purpose were sufficiently recorded in the catalogues, and we found our conclusion supported in every particular.

There are two views from which our position may be assailed. The one, that our investigation was only partial, the other, that we were in error concerning first principles. The first implies that there are some phenomena which were not observed, and it is alleged that fraternities engender habits of intemperance. The charge is grave and if fortified by evidence we must retreat from the high vantage ground of morality to which we had ascended. The facts are these. Society men drink, we add with regret they sometimes drink too much.

This we are told, with grandiloquent triumph, settles the question. Does it? Well then if it does the same train of reasoning must settle it for all associations of man's structure. You remember that when nearly a year ago this was the absorbing topic of Princeton conversation and argumentation, "Our Noble Halls" were placed in very favorable contrast to the institutions we are now supporting; but there must also be regret in our tone when we relate the truth in regard to Halls in this respect. The college contains these same men. Is then the college formed to nurture debauchery? A very simple and obvious truth would make us proof against so fallacious an argument. It is that no organization can be held responsible for the deportment of its members in their private capacities.

In an historical aspect this view cannot be maintained. Every body knows the period when drunkenness was most prevalent in Princeton was during the interval between 1840 and 1850. Then the students were habituated to the most abominable spree. It was a matter of frequent occurrence that two-thirds of the college would be careering around the Campus in that state for which, we believe, unconscious mental cerebration has recently become the polite term. We need not particularize. It is enough to state the fact. Fraternities were introduced in 1854. Since that time there has been a gradual diminution in their vicious indulgence. It is to be referred to a variety of causes, but certainly fraternities must be enumerated in the list. And for this reason, which has been given previously, men were ashamed to have disgrace brought upon the fair name of their society. This sentiment had a salutary influence in these two distinct ways which, however, were mutually reiterative. The individual felt it as a restraint and his co-fratres were led by it to raise a barrier to the trial of his inordinate appetite. But the fact remains. Fraternity men composed the majority of those who drank in college. (We deny that they contained the majority of those who drank to excess.) When we examine this we discover

the ground of explanation on the surface. It is that fraternities have included nearly all those men who came from homes possessed by men of family, education and position. (Witness the catalogues.) Now, without criticising the practice at all, it is indisputable that wine is used in such homes, and that the young men drink it. Of course when they come to college they do not relinquish its use. But besides these there was another class of men who didn't represent the first circles of society, but who nevertheless came from the cities. They also brought with them this taste acquired in youth, and they formed the remaining element of fraternity men. But in the case of both, the liking for wine didn't have its birth in college, and therefore cannot be ascribed to the society.

It is now incumbent upon us to show that what we have stated as fundamental truth is really so. There are some attributes of our nature which are intrinsically holy. They are so because they proceed from the infinite source of all holiness. We wish to call special attention to that one which impels us to mingle with our fellow men. It is an original and universal constituent of the human mind, and every psychological classification of the emotions is imperfect in which the appetency for society is omitted. The duty, as well as the necessity of its exercise, we intuitively discern. More than this, we are guided in its exercise by our moral perceptions and the judgments passed upon them by conscience, and the result of all is briefly summed up thus: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." All mankind is one grand brotherhood, and in proportion as each individual recognizes this as a regulative truth, will be the measure of his usefulness and the loftiness of his own elevation. The moment he seeks self does he degrade himself, and impair his powers of benefiting his race; because he violates a principle of his nature. We care not how much he may aggrandize his own petty name, he comes short of the end of his existence. The only real success for which this world offers a man opportunity,

consists in his being true to himself, *is* such as is claimed as an accessory of his leaving the world better at his death for his having lived. All else is falsity and hollow show—the “whited sepulchre full of dead men’s bones and all uncleanness.”

College is an agency of development, and if it contains nothing conducive to the evolution of the sublime characteristic which urges the man to unselfish action, it is, in so far, a failure. It may have many merits, but without this its sons go forth defective in just that furniture which alone can make their lives great. In Princeton College to-day there is nothing fitted to evoke this trait. In the class-room everybody is forgotten but self. What course will serve best to adorn *my* name and gratify my father’s ambition for *me* are what control attention. In Hall the incentive is to outstrip others in windiness, or at best *self*-cultivation. In his diversions the youth is animated only by the desire to make *himself* prominent. Why, in all these so far from wishing to aid another, the *failure* of that other is the sole condition of the realization of this darling purpose!

A very different spectacle is presented to the mind when it contemplates a fraternity. The very name introduces us to the grand truth upon whose appreciation the fulfillment of our destiny as men is contingent. It is a company of brothers, each one of whom strives to ease the burden from the weary shoulder, each one of whom labors that the highest good of the whole may be achieved. Never can we forget the gentle flood of sentiment which bathed and purified our inmost springs of action when first this rich treasure became ours. All that heretofore had guided us and contributed to our gratification sank into obscurity beneath the wavelets of its placid and beneficent stream. Self was first engulfed and then drowned. Our light afflictions were to be left behind in our search for those who were severely tried. Henceforth it was to be our aim to assuage the bitterness of their grief and assist

them in their progress to those scenes of activity where they could add their efforts to those of the rest of mankind, to aid, mayhap, to supplement their endeavors in the achievement of the great ends of human toil. When in college we have learned this lesson of life it can never, like most college lessons, slip away from our memories. It is of its very nature to become a principle and must exert its influence on our whole lives, and we go out upon the face of the earth not to seek our own, like charity itself, to whose teachings, indeed, we are indebted for the embryo, nutriment and growth of the principle.

We revert to the query which heads our article and give our reply in a firm and uncompromising affirmative. We do more. We aver that he who takes issue with us on the first ground simply acknowledges that he has given the subject insufficient attention; that he who does so on the second must, ere he can establish his position, undermine the eternal basis of fundamental truth, and rend and destroy its imperishable fabric.

But the ingenuous inquirer still wears a doubtful mien, for his eye has been arrested, and his reason filched of its supremacy by the *Eidola Theatri*—the great authorities whom man regards as oracular. He, in his perplexity, has turned to them and modestly puts the question: "Are fraternities a good thing?" hoping that now at last all doubt will melt away into limpid and assured conviction. But what is his dismay when lo! two antagonistic answers come thundering from Delphi—a positive *Yes* and a flat *No*. Still his search is not yet hopeless, for he perceives that these are contradictories and the law which governs contradictories teaches him that they cannot both be true, and that one of them must be. It is pertinent to his enquiry to ascertain which is the one. He must needs summon the disputants, array them on opposite sides and examine the credentials of each. He beholds the positive ranks composed of those who have been members of societies and

hence know all about them, which to his mind affords the strongest possible presumption that they are qualified to judge, and they have been able to gather around their standard all unbiased and candid persons, who after possessing themselves of the data, giving them careful and impartial scrutiny, have been convinced of the overwhelmingly strong evidence for the claims which they advocate. The champions of the negative, he discerns, are enlisted chiefly from those who have never been fraternity men, and who display in their ebullitions the prejudice and vagaries of ignorance; for example the President of Wheaton College and some others, who, being so near home, he feels it impolitic to indicate by direct designation. But he beholds the hostile banner waving over some whom fraternities have embraced. To this he finds a twofold explanation. He discovers a class of men to whom fraternities offer no opportunities. They are essentially subjective. They live in themselves. All their views are introspective and they rely on the sympathy of no man to allay their sufferings or disappointments. They ask not the aid of another where their own powers droop in inadequacy. They will stand in the world by their own capacities and strength, and if these fail they will fall in *their own* weakness. On this point they are resolute that no external support shall ever uphold *them*. Again he reasons that when men have been out of College for twenty-five or thirty years the phantasm of their College experience can no longer be recalled in the vividness of its pristine image. Here and there a prominent feature of the picture will appear as it was in the days long gone by; but they are only such as the mind has been constrained to review in the constantly moving panorama of the busy engrossment of active life. An intellectual acquirement that has enabled the lawyer to gain a case, the philosophical basis that empowers the divine to establish some tenet of metaphysical theology, will obey the peremptory call from its hidden bed and present itself in all the lustre of its first appearance; while those milder

graces of character, which unite him to men, will be sought in vain in the dimness which shrouds the reminiscences of three decades. They still have been the most important instruments in fashioning the structure of his character. He could repose no confidence in the utterances which came from the adverse party, for it in any case he found was uninformed. Since, however, light and knowledge shed their wholesome and encouraging rays upon the ranks of the positive, he was led to review the steps by which they had arrived at a favorable conclusion. He found them satisfactory in all their details and was led to adopt their consequence as his own view. Thus because he refused to be so servile as to allow his opinion to be trammelled or modified by authority, he was able to avoid that imperious fanaticism, in which prejudice and error delight to mantle their votaries, imparting to them the while, the sweet but fatal assurance that it is the garb of apodeictic truth.

B.

JOURNALISM AND THE SCHOLAR.

Is it not strange that the generality of College men feel themselves inevitably doomed to some branch of that mysterious trinity—the learned professions? One's friends take it as a matter of course that he is to study Law, Theology or Medicine. When I graduated, a lady said to me: "I presume that a young man of your abilities (these words are the lady's) will study law."

"No, ma'am," I replied.

"Ah! I did not think you were inclined to medicine," she said.

"Far from it! I despise the stuff. 'Throw physic,' etc.," said I.

"Well! then you *are* going to be a preacher. Miss —— told me you were the other day."

"Miss ——'s information was not authentic. I am too fond of Darwin to be a minister."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"My profession is journalism."

"Oh—h—h! I never thought of that."

Now, "never thought of that" is just the trouble with College men. Journalism has become a recognized profession, and one of high repute. To my mind there seems to be no better "opening for a young man," at present, than the newspaper office. And to-day, when the triumphs of science have become items of popular interest, when the contests of orthodox and heterodox philosophy find eager readers, where can the scholar find a more fruitful field in which to sow the good seed. The pulpit cannot lay claim to greater power—nor as great as—the daily press. The few thousands, who hear the whole argument in each Sunday's sermons, are insignificant when compared with the teeming millions who devour every item, and especially the leaders, in the daily press. Let any one consider for a moment the enormous circulation of papers like the Herald, Tribune and Times, and he must at once be struck with the idea that they reach all classes and all communities.

But it is the scholar who can render himself eminently useful on a newspaper. Strike out the element of scholarship from the daily press and you eliminate from its columns many of the items of interest. An example of this is the late Hell-Gate explosion. The amount of mistaken terror and ridiculous blunders that might have occurred is alarming to think of. But scholarly editorials, written in a popular style, removed from the minds of the ignorant their groundless fears. Science made popular is one of the grand achievements of the modern newspaper, and it is to the energetic and judicious efforts of the scholars of the press that we owe it.

But there are three things which the newspaper almost absolutely controls. I mean literary, musical and dramatic taste. Of course there are journals devoted entirely to literary criticism; but their number of readers is small in proportion to the entire reading public. The short book reviews in the daily papers are the ones read by the million. The dramatic and musical taste of the public is almost under the thumb of the newspaper critics; and taste in these things is of the highest importance to a true æsthetic culture. If I were writing to any but scholars, I should remind them that æsthetic weakness is second only to moral decline.

I will not speak of the moral influence exerted by the press. It is the all in all to the masses. The laboring man who prefers, as many of them do, to stay at home on Sunday, and rest, never gives up his Sunday paper.

When we remember that the general refinement of civilization is deepened by the culture of the masses, we cannot fail to recognize the importance of sound scholarship to the press. But when we recollect that the moral tone of civilization deepens, as its general refinement is heightened, we must concede to the press a power simply tremendous. And we cannot deny that morality and mental culture have much in common. In learning more of the created we become better acquainted with the Creator. In learning more of man, we learn more of Him in whose image man was made. And so a thorough knowledge of the physical and spiritual wonders of the universe, leads to a greater reverence and a deeper love for God. Let those young men who look forward to a life of earnest, whole-souled effort to do good to their fellow-men, who would make their careers a perpetual thank-offering before God, reflect whether such a thing can be accomplished in one of the rut-worn learned professions, or in the independent and unshackled calling of Journalism.

W. J. H.

VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

A VOICE FROM A STUDENT.

Many and varied have been the topics discussed through the medium of the "Voice of the Students." Things of the heaven above, as the Board of Trustees; things of the earth beneath, as the college walks; things of the waters under the earth, as McCosh Lake; have minutely and mercilessly been "viewed with the critic's eye," and not one of their imperfections passed by. And yet there is a single subject which strangely enough has as yet passed unnoticed, viz.: the voice of the students itself—the *vox populi* of our college world. In some of its phases as dogmatic, and at all times as imperious, as the Trustees themselves; usually as muddy in its opinions as the campus walks in the height of the equinoctial season; oftentimes rivaling McCosh Lake in instability and inconsistency, yet, unlike that notable inland sea, never showing the least signs of drying up; it has never, itself, been critically considered. It will be our humble endeavor to examine the "Voice of the Students," in several different aspects, and determine whether it too does not stand a little in need of "reform."

Perhaps in no other particular is the voice of the students more audible or more emphatic than in regard to Athletic Sports. As long as we are successful, it signifies its approbation and satisfaction in the highest terms. But if, from whatever cause, fortune fails to smile upon our efforts, it denounces everything and everybody, without thinking to

inquire whether there may not be some cause for the failure. The simple fact, defeat, is enough to start its old familiar strain, "I told you so. Do as I say, and it won't happen again." This is continually observed in the case of the University Nine, and never more so than last session. Immediately after that disastrous tour, it was suddenly discovered that the nine never had practised, was poorly managed, and never did, nor never would, know the rudiments of the national game. One would have supposed that they had, maliciously and for their own personal gratification, persisted in being defeated. The fact that the nine were more interested in their own success than any one else, was never supposed; while it was universally agreed that there was no adequate reason why a nine, crippled by the loss of one of its best men, with its veteran pitcher forced at the last moment to take an unaccustomed position, to be succeeded by an unpracticed substitute, should not have defeated the full teams of our sister colleges. In the coming season would it not be better to give the nine credit for what it does accomplish, and endeavor to cheer and not censure it when defeated. It is also a question whether the Voice of the Students expressed in a long drawn whistle of disappointment when a man makes a misplay is calculated to make his nerves any steadier in the "critical ninth innings," spoken of in the *Princetonian*. What has been said of Base Ball applies equally well to other sports. Men are too apt to bet freely, and when vexed at their losses indiscriminately censure the very men whose only interest is to win, and whom they themselves had before been so ready to praise.

The Voice of the Students is also almost too ready to find fault with the general management of the college, and is continually advising those who certainly ought to know more about such things than the most precocious student. Were we to believe its oracular tones, the Faculty are actuated by the single motive, not of "teaching the young idea how to

shoot," but of "shooting" every young idea of the pupil's mind that tends to freedom of thought, or of action; while the Trustees, out of mere perverseness, run the Institution in direct opposition to the inclinations and enjoyment of the student. Certainly these Ishmaelites of modern times have enough to endure without being accused of acting directly against their own interests.

Lack of space forbids us to speak of the more particular, if less important forms taken by the voice of the students. Such as the voice of the Freshman shrieking over the midnight conflagrations, saying to the slumbering upper classmen "Sleep no more!" Or the voice of the newly-fledged Sophomore, proclaiming that he has lost none of his old nature by nasally groaning "Fr-res!" Or the "big, manly, voice" of the upper class-rooms. Or the voice of the would-be orator, very suggestive of the pebbles of Demosthenes, for certainly no human vocal organs could of themselves produce such sounds. Or the voice of the prospective chorister reverberating through the halls in "linked sweetness *very* long drawn out." Or the voice of the students which so soothingly cheered those firemen, and which in the subsequent unpleasantness, was "still for war," and whose owners so valiantly hastened off for reinforcements.

None but the editorial pen of the *Princeton Press* could adequately describe these many voices, yet has not enough been said to show that our *vox populi* was not necessarily *vox dei*? We would not for a moment depreciate the value of true criticism, but, candidly, is there not need for reform in the voice of the students?

INCOG.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

It is a principle recognized by all those whose business it is to study the public health that the chief causes of disease

and vice among a people lie in bad drainage and an insufficient water supply.

Under the former of these evils Princeton College has suffered for years. It was thought a year or two ago when our sanitary arrangements were changed that this had been remedied, but we now find the remedy worse than the disease. It is really unsafe to go out after sundown on account of the malaria in the air which is only too palpable to at least one of the "gates of the Soul," viz: Nose Gate.

The Trustees have put a vast amount of money in buildings within the memory of many undergraduates. The buildings while showing a negative rather than a positive amount of architectural taste on the part of their designers are all of them more or less deficient in "truth." That is to say while they are commodious and in the main excellently fitted for the uses to which they are to be put yet—*they each and every one are deficient in proper sanitary arrangements, viz: HEATING—VENTILATION AND WATER SUPPLY.* Especially is this so since the erection of the University Hotel—which draws off a large amount of water from the all too small supply.

What Princeton wants and but for culpable short-sightedness would now have is a supply of water from some distant point, where by no possibility contamination by drainage could reach, so abundant that in the driest times there would be no diminution in the supply.

The policy of the trustees has been thus far masterly inaction.

To the activity of one undergraduate, earnestly seconded by our College Treasurer, we are indebted for emancipation from a state of indecency and filth of which we had never heard until we came to these classic shades. But this has been at best a make-shift and threatens unless speedy action is taken to secure the one thing needful, viz: water, to become a source of disease and death in the college.

All our water now comes from wells but slightly removed from cess pools which do inevitably contaminate them. This is the state not only in the college but also through the whole town.

The only reason that the students have not been afflicted as the townspeople (among whom there are several deaths every winter from typhoid malarial fevers) lies I believe in the more active habits of the students, and the fact that the *cess pools have only just begun their work, having been constructed within the last three years. The "Scientific Members of the Faculty" protested against these when constructed. But at the time nothing better could be done for want of funds.

We place the blame for this state of things where it belongs, on the shoulders of the Trustees. We, the students, now demand that the matter be righted and that at once. Any aid which we can render will be cheerfully given. We have a right to demand that all the conditions of health be secured in the college. We have a right and respectfully assert it *not to be put in jeopardy of bodily health* while attending to the needs of the mind.

As to what plan shall be adopted the writer of this article suggests that competent engineers be consulted and that no more half-way measures be tolerated.

If money can be raised for dormitories, class-rooms, hotels, and many other objects, which promote the well-being positively necessary, surely the paltry sum necessary to provide for that without which all other blessings and benefits are *nil*, viz : health, can be secured and one would think, easily.

The town and Theological Seminary need water almost as badly as we. Could not all join purses in this undertaking. If this is not feasible let us not deny ourselves such an essential element of health because others will not consent to share it with us. It would pay the college many times over to

*NOTE.—It is proper to state that recently measures have been taken to do away with these nuisances, conducting the drainage nearly a mile from the college.

bring to Princeton a supply of water necessary for the whole town, first obtaining the right to sell it for a period of years. I have spoken plainly, not to find fault but to aid as best I can to bring about a much needed reform. From what I know I believe it would be easy work to raise the amount necessary to put it in effect. The Trustees have only to submit a well matured plan, *approved by some competent engineer*, to the graduates and friends of the college to obtain that wherewith to carry it out.

HOPE.

A BRIEF REPLY.

"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?"

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Phusce pharetra."

In these days of degeneracy when boorish manners are so rife, and instances of lamentable declension in customs and morals from the primitive simplicity and purity of our ancestors, are so numerous, it affords us genuine pleasure to be able to point with pride to a few exceptions to the disgraceful rule. We had thought—and we blush for the times when we say they amply justified the conviction—that the days of knightly courtesy and chivalric gentleness were gone forever: but the presiding genius of the nation once more puts us to shame by exposing our apostate faithlessness and obliging us to recant the heretical doctrine. There are some isolated cases of good-breeding and consummate politeness in the land yet, some "lulus naturæ" whose exalted virtues shine all the more effulgent in contrast with the prevailing debasement and corruption. Our worthy librarian is one of these "rare birds,"

the most conspicuously grand figure amid a little band of exemplars whom an indulgent fate has yet left to us. Fortunate above most men in the possession of an attractive person and confidence-inspiring countenance, he is yet more signally distinguished by an urbanity, no less unconscious than it is imposing, and a benignant deference to the habits, wishes, and conveniences of others, which, stamped with the impress of innate dignity, is still further embellished by all the acquired arts of fascinating address. His affability has been doubted—nay, openly denied by some—but the assertions of these scandal-mongers have gone no farther than to betray their own obtuseness and fatuous bigotry.

For any sane man to reject his pretensions to manliness and suavity, is virtually to make the humiliating confession that he has never been in the Library, much less taken books therefrom. For who, that has ever stood on the marble-tiled floor of that monument of architectural beauty, and in the awe-inspiring presence of its knowledge-distilling potentate, turgid with his cargo of volatile civility, has not felt a gracious influence stealing over him? When did he not, in obedience to an impulse whose voice would not be silenced, instinctively look up to the raised circular platform, to see there, enthroned in serene majesty, the unobtrusive source of the emotion?

It was with indescribable anguish that we lately read an article in the newly risen luminary of the journalistic firmament, whose inaneness was paralleled only by the unblushing effrontery with which it insinuated the captious acerbity and petulant moroseness of our worthy Librarian. We say it gave us pain; and this, not only because it is suicidal to all true appreciation of polished conduct, but because it is hard that, in these days when examples of such amenity are exceptional, one of the most complaisant and brilliant should meet with ridicule and opprobrium, or be challenged by a derisive incredulity. A cynicism so Ishmaelitic foils itself. It invites suspicion by the very "hue and cry" which it raises. It is

well known that our worthy Librarian is, in matters of etiquette, a gem—though in an antique setting. His manners may savor of the stiffness and formality of the old school, and evince an abruptness induced by sedentary pursuits, but they are none the less sincere and admirable. The puny attempt that has been made to tarnish the lustre of his reputation would not deserve notice but for the prejudicial tendencies it is likely to have among those students who have not yet had time to compass the breadth and fathom the depths of our worthy Librarian's Catholicism. The libel will recoil with damaging effect upon the heads of its shameless propagators. It is only hoped that this brief reply will accelerate its self-refutation. At any rate, it may serve to forestall any contemplated efforts to undermine by slanderous innuendos a fame so widely and firmly established as that we have been trying to defend. H.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

The department of College Athletics is one in which all of us, as students, are deeply interested, because the athletic record of a college brings it out before the country nearly as much as its standard in scholarship. The various branches in the curriculum train the mind, it is true, but it is universally acknowledged that a man cannot live on study alone—he needs exercise, the better to fit him for scholastic pursuits, and there is no place better fitted for the latter than our own college. The Gymnasium, the foot-ball field, the game of base ball and the handling of the oar are now the prominent instruments in making a healthy college man. Granting that all of these are equally good, the question most naturally presents itself: How do we stand in respect to these among the colleges? In the Gymnastic department we own no equal. Hav-

ing a fine gymnasium and a competent instructor we have always figured at the head of the list in this. In foot-ball, we have rarely, if ever, been beaten, and of late years but one college has been able to win a goal from our twenty, of whom we have always been justly proud. In base ball, although since '73 graduated we have not held the champion pennant, we have always done at least creditably, even under manifestly bad management. And now since the old director system, of which we all saw the rottenness, has been done away with, we have reason to expect, under the leadership of an energetic and competent captain, that we may retrieve in the future honors lost in the past. But in reviewing the history of boating in our midst, we have, indeed, an easy although mournful task. A freshman victory in 1874 raised our hopes high, only to have them again lowered in the University race. Yes, our crew nobly disputed the last place with Trinity, and we accorded to Trinity, in our own mind at least, the honor of "*driving all the crews before them.*" The system was changed, money was subscribed plentifully and we got together a crew for the race of 1875. Owing to bad steering our freshmen lost, and our University crew, it was hoped, would regain all that we had lost the year before. But misfortune put us out of the race. At the second mile, a crew of splendid possibilities. Again we pluckily chose a crew and sent them to Saratoga, fully equipped, and hoping great things. But the record shows that our patent Fearon rudder was the very last stick of wood to cross the line. What was the reason? Our crew showed a great falling off from practice time, and we could not understand it. It is an ignoble and ungenerous thing to blame any one man. They, no doubt, all did their best—any man would. Yet they came in last and this ends the history. Does this not teach us a lesson? If I should try to fly or jump across the canal and should fall in, I should be a fool to try it again, and it would show no cowardice in me to wait for the bridge to turn, and then walk over. It seems to me that this

has its application to our rowing. Here we have a canal for a course. Continually hampered by canal boats we must stop frequently, and a man does not get in the long swinging pulls that do so much toward getting a crew together. Again, the canal water is unlike lake or river water. It is thoroughly impregnated with mud—it is *dead*. A man cannot get the same catch that he can on live water, he feels there is nothing exhilarating about a pull on the canal. But let us look further. The men that come to Princeton are mostly from the inland States and very few can row when they come here, and consequently in each class only from 8 to 12 men can pull at all in a shell. At Yale and Harvard, on the contrary, the men are mostly from New England and many of them prepare for college at schools where there are well organized rowing clubs. Hence comes the fact that Yale and Harvard have so many men who row. Both of these colleges have good courses for rowing and the students are not slow to take advantage of this fact. We have a poor course for rowing, although it must be conceded that for coaching it has no superior, but the most important thing is that the *rowing man* does not come here. Our men are of medium size and active—good for base ball, foot ball and the gymnasium, but not of the right make-up for rowing. Another year or two may change that, but I think it wise—and no doubt the same opinion is held by many others—that as things are now, we had better wait. The class races must be kept up; it would never do to let them fall through, as they continually develope men and form an attractive feature at Princeton, and with a few modifications would give every crew an equal chance of winning. For instance, the preference should be given to the Freshmen, being a raw crew, and supposedly, at least, the poorest one, while the senior crew, the oldest and usually the best in college, should start last in the race. I consider the positions assigned the crews as unjust in the extreme. In athletics, such as running, a good runner gives one who is inferior a handicap. But

here, in our bumping races, it is the poorer crew that handicaps the better, in taking their wash, which is a most serious inconvenience, and giving them seventy feet start, which is equal to a boat-length and a half.

When this evil is remedied we shall have our class races squarely rowed, and not until then. These class races, if rowed as I have recommended, would form an attractive feature at Princeton. They would bring up and develop new oarsmen, and when we can get a crew in whose hands we can confide the aquatic reputation of our *Alma Mater*, let us send them to Saratoga, to represent us. It is not my idea to have us leave the association, should it continue to exist; we can still be represented in the single scull and Freshman races. But as to sending a wild crew to the college regatta, I consider that discretion is the better part of valor.

OMICRON.

EDITORIAL.

THE RECENT action taken by Clio in dividing the members into two sections, or classes, who shall meet on stated evenings explicitly provided for, to conduct whatever performances and administer whatever business may fall within their province and jurisdiction, suggests the propriety of a few remarks on the general subject of Hall improvement. The newly adopted *modus operandi* to which we have just alluded was but the pronounced climacteric manifestation of a sentiment that has for some time been steadily gaining ground among students sustaining such relations to the Halls, as not only afforded them opportunities for observing the systems in vogue, and detecting the points in which they were deficient and invalid, but supplied materials for judging as to the most politic remedial measures. Furnished with such facilities, they have been profoundly impressed with the necessity of setting on foot some scheme, whose avowed object and professed purpose should be the obviation of that complexity of detail and annoying accumulation of transactions, which now encumber and hence impede the order of proceedings. This opinion as to the advisability of effecting changes in the management of the Societies is not confined within the narrow precincts of the College, but transgresses the procrustean limits of under-graduatism, and is agitating, more or less seriously, the minds of many who have made their exit from "these classic shades." That these sons of Nassau are imbued with a sentiment that has so impregnably and defiantly entrenched itself among the present members of the two Halls, supports the presumption that the reforms demanded are indispensable,

and would prove beneficial. Let us inspect with a little closer scrutiny the battlements, ramparts, and other muniments with which this grave opinion fortifies its assertions. It is patent to the observation of all that one of the principal, if not the main reason, for the currency of this feeling and the cogency with which it upholds its claims, is to be found in the swollen list of membership under which each Society staggers, and the imminently prospective incapacity of the buildings now in use to accommodate, without vexation and embarrassment, the proselytes to Whiggism and Clioism. Whether Clío has chosen the most effectual means of extricating herself from difficulties so harassing and apparently insurmountable, is a question not intended to be debated here. At any rate she has succeeded in ridding herself, temporarily at least, of the onerous incubus — and probably, like Sindbad of Oriental myth, with convulsive throes and agonized distortions. Various ways of settling this vexed question have been proposed and freely canvassed. There are some who favor the method at present being tested by Clío; others would have all contests take place on special nights; others yet speak in glowing terms of a distribution of the literary exercises over two instead of one session, and for this purpose advise an extension of the first session, which shall begin an hour earlier than the usual time of commencing, and in which one of the literary exercises shall be performed. Into this whirling vortex of stormily conflicting opinions another bundle of ideas and views, equally at variance with the preceding, has been plunged with obdurate temerity by those who advocate the consolidation into a separate department of all legislative proceedings and all business transactions relative to the connection of the Society with the outside world; a whole night being devoted to this, and the customary meeting on Friday evening entirely engrossed in the intellectual gymnastics which it is the professed aim of both Societies to indulge and cultivate. The very fact that so many plans have been

advanced, and the impetuous zeal with which some are pressed and elucidated, indicates the great need of some change, no less than the existence of a sentiment to this effect. It takes various forms, more or less obtrusive and emphatic. An impartial though somewhat cursory review of the policies enunciated leads to the conclusion that the plan which assigns all contests to special nights, and lengthens the first session so as to incorporate into its doings one of the performances, is most consonant with good sense and the dictates of convenience and expediency, seems best to meet the grave objections to which the present mode of management is amenable, and therefore is entitled to favorable consideration, if not ardent support. But, as we have hinted, a great part of the discomfort attaching to both Societies has its origin in the smallness of the buildings which they occupy. While there are cogent arguments against any enlargement of these edifices, which lack of space precludes our adducing, and, if possible, refuting, they are in our estimation outweighed by as many and more considerations which point to an enlargement of the present halls or the erection of new ones, as not only feasible but desirable and necessary. This idea is not by any means a species of mushroom growth, nor is it a transient illusion. It is now some years since it first occurred to the minds of men deeply interested in such matters. It has since been assuming definite proportions, a sensible form and tangible substance. The design, once meagre and skeleton-like, now well arranged and symmetrical, besieges the gates of our understandings, equipped in the ponderous panoply of a skilfully devised and delicately mapped out project. The rough-draught programme, once a pyramid of bones, is now a methodical plan, the bones incased in flesh—a living organism, sustained by blood coursing with quick bounds through distended arteries. It is too powerful to yield to such futile resistance as could alone be offered. There is little doubt but that if a few practiced tacticians, used to sounding men's minds, and a few veteran strat-

egists, used to sounding men's pockets, should undertake the responsibility, and go through with their wonted manœuvres, at once delicate and judicious, the end that is practically a dream would be metamorphosed into a superb reality. And in the event of success we think we may safely promise that the "well springs of gratitude," though—for we are inveterate mendicants—they be nearly dry, will yet be noble enough to emit a limpid stream that shall perhaps flow as long as the benefit retains its novel grandeur and relapses not into the tedious monotony of *common* possessions.

WE BELONG to that class of simple individuals who lay no claim to erudite attainments in the mysteries of juridical interpretation, yet we have always entertained the homely belief that treaties are binding on contracting parties so long as their provisions are not formally repealed. Our faith in this simple creed has, however, been rudely shaken. In fact we stand convicted of cherishing a played-out relic of a semi-barbarous age. The maxim on which we built our confidence is stigmatized as the musty creation of some cobwebbed antiquarian brain.

We repent of our vassalage to such arrant fogysm, and hasten to absolve our editorial conscience from the slightest taint of complicity in a superstition which, we are credibly informed, has long since faded before the noon-dav splendor of the modern illumination. We adopt joyfully the principle of expediency, but in doing so let us observe that it would be strangely inconsistent in this realistic generation for men to become the victims of sentimental illusions. If all men are practically liars, let it be so named in the bond, but preach us no more twaddle about the dignity of human nature. Evolution may be a true hypothesis, but if we are the ripened product of original inorganic matter, alas for the moral qualities of the

protoplasm from which we were evolved. Our souls cry out against the chemical affinity which produced such abnormal results. When a few years since it was resolved in solemn conclave between the two halls that the "novus homo" should be permitted to exercise his own private judgment in the choice of literary associates, unsophisticated Whigs and Clios, bless their innocent souls, fondly hoped that the inquisitorial fires of electioneering had received an extinguisher and that the engines of torture might rust for want of victims. It seems however that the framers of that document were the victims of a miserable delusion. It is all very fine to talk about faith between man and man. Honesty is a high sounding abstraction and looks well on paper. But what do our moral pretensions amount to more than "a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury" if we notwithstanding practice the code of the demagogue. Electioneering is a species of recreation for which we doubt not some men are eminently fitted and 'twere pity that their talents should be wasted. But when their exercise involves a plain violation of a sacred obligation, the immorality of the proceeding is unquestionable. We make no specific charge, but from the chorus of grievances which indignant Whigs and remonstrant Clios keep pouring into our ears we are led to infer that we have not yet reached the millennium of political integrity. There is a strong temptation, we admit, to gentlemen who are more ingenious than honest to employ their wits in devising expedients for evading the treaty while maintaining its written form intact. But we would remind all such in a friendly way, that though it may seem expedient at times to sacrifice conscience to the convenience of the moment yet they who practice such indirections, thereby ally themselves with the most disreputable class of humankind. Men of dishonest impulses but without courage sufficient to risk the consequences of open transgression have ever had recourse to some species of evasion. They are such men as repel the cloven footed fiend with holy indigna-

tion but give them a sugar coated devil and they will roll him as a sweet morsel under their tongues. No, gentlemen, such practices are worthy of a Machiavellian or a Jesuit, and the "itching palm" may ply them without disgrace, but they are beneath the dignity of him who aspires to but a moderate standard of honorable action.

"Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
Admonuit, fugio campum lusumque trigonem."

The bright outlook in athletic sports which delights our vision this year deprives even constitutional croakers, those pestiferous banes of society and stumbling-blocks in the way of progress, of the flimsiest pretext for their favorite practice of grumbling. The prospects are altogether too good and flattering to admit of the chilling doubts and cautious utterances of even the least sanguine in temperament, disheartening those who take care to make use of their wits and improve the chances of observation. Absurd prophecies of defeat by ranting monomaniacs, will lose their strange spell; and imbecile credulity that runs around with gaping mouth and hungry look, seeking morsels of vaticinatory gossip which it may devour, will for once repress its greedy proclivities, and turn a deaf ear to all appeals. With the graduation of each senior class, it is not unusual for the college to resign itself to a spirit of enervating despondency. This is due to the fact that a large portion, if not the majority, of the best players on the nine are generally members of the senior class; so that at the end of each year there is what seems to be a fatal thinning of their ranks. Sitting in the shadow of the series of dampening reverses which overtook us last year, we yet look beyond, and see the dark cloud of misfortune edged with its "silver lining." This hidden light is daily growing clearer, and even now, bathed in its radiance, all traces of fear and doubt vanished, we look forward to a series of uninterrupted triumphs

during the coming season. There are not wanting candidates for the nine, and it is probable that one place at least will be filled with a new recruit. The grounds recently purchased by the college, are rapidly nearing completion; they have been enclosed in a high and substantial fence; the field proper has been filled in, graded, and harrowed, and is now in process of rolling. It is proposed to erect a grand stand spacious enough to accommodate the maximum of spectators. In addition to this, the munificence of certain liberal gentlemen has placed it in the power of the Association to build a club-house, which, as projected, will be fitted up conveniently though not elegantly or expensively. The object of such a building is obvious. With all these advantages, however, but little benefit will accrue unless the nine is well and studiously trained. This point, which has been so grievously neglected in previous years, on account partly of the disordered conduct of affairs, will this winter be scrupulously attended to. The nine will be subjected to an elaborate and rigorous course of gymnasium discipline. How important a factor this is in the development of the ball player was made manifest in the defeats of last year. Endurance and nerve, no less than skill in batting, and precision in throwing, are absolutely essential in the make up, the *tout ensemble*, of the man who pretends or aspires to excellence in this department of athletic sports. The change in the officers and their mode of administration was both indispensable and salutary. That the prevalent sentiment regarded it as such, was evidenced by the slight opposition it excited. Whatever may have been the errors of the peccant but much-abused directors, whether their malfeasance in office was the result of premeditation or of shortsighted indiscretion and unfavorable circumstances, it behooves us not now to inquire. They are become naught but flitting shadows in the chambers of memory—fast losing even the power to disturb our serene meditations on the eminent fitness of their successors. We are to deal with flesh and blood, things that can be handled

with impunity, not with spectral figures and ghostly images, that come trooping up from the shades of the past to terrify us with disquieting fears lest we be whisked away by hobgoblins and broom sticks and again made the writhing victims of directorial despotism. We remand to sunless solitudes and dreary retreats these splenetic misanthropes, who revile us for abolishing the codes under which they "flourished as the green bay tree;" and turn our eyes in weary quest of our newly installed flesh-and-blood-governors; there the searching gaze is rewarded at last—the objects it yearns for are found. Where? At the post of duty, as they should be. Yes, no measure taken by the college for the last three years affords juster grounds for self-gratulation. The college may perform the ceremony in public, or in private; it matters not, but still it must felicitate itself. Under the present able and efficient officers whose probity and fidelity are unquestioned, the issue of the next season's struggles will divest itself of the obscurity that enshrouds futurity, and cease to be a doubtful question.

FREE EXPRESSION must be allowed to certain ornithological specimens of the anserine type, though the heavens fall. We fail, however, to see the inherent necessity for freshman and sophomore coöperation in producing the aforesaid euphonious sounds. There is an eternal fitness in things, we admit, and a more intimate acquaintance with the subjects of these strictures, might reveal to us, in the nature of the thing—to use a Butlerian idiom—a sufficient reason for the phenomenon. But we may be allowed grave doubts as to the propriety of selecting the chapel as the theatre for such demonstrations. We are sensible, however, of the futility of attempting any appeal to the religious feelings of the offenders, since in the case of the more verdant such appeal would be a palpable anachronism; and from a wide induction of experience it has not been discovered that a Sophomore, *as such*, ever manifested a

sense of propriety, under any circumstances whatever. So, gentlemen, we will leave this lofty ground and adopt a line of argument on a level with your moral apprehension. Shakespeare very pathetically portrays the grief of the angels over the "fantastic freaks" of certain dignitaries, and your ambition may be fired with the desire to emulate them in exciting a sensation among the celestials. But have a care lest you should haply fall into the hands of the satirist, and so fare as poorly as the renowned insect who felicitated himself on the quantity of dust he had stirred up on the race course. Whether your "monkey shines" would cause any very grave contortions in the angelic visage is a question worthy of your consideration.

"Our little systems have their day—
They have their day and cease to be,"

So the poet sings, and it would be wise in you to reflect whether, after you have ceased from troubling the place of our worship, and peace has again visited its sacred walls, the immutable moral laws of the universe will not continue to prevail the same as though your little brief revolt had never taken place. Your conduct may, it is true, occasion some slight inconvenience to men who prefer not to have the scene of their devotions turned into bedlam, but we are willing to bear these trifling annoyances, if they contribute in any respect to your infantine amusement. You are exponents of a social and moral code, never without disciples among the *profanus vulgus*, which lays down as its fundamental maxim: "Gratify your own individual whim at whatever sacrifice of the sanctities, the decencies and the courtesies of life." Let the rest of the world take care of itself; you are not its keepers. What right have men to obtrude their sensibilities as bars to your enjoyment? If they cannot endure to have their corns trodden upon by your hobnails, let them keep out of your way, and as to a reverential deportment in the house of worship, that may do very well for your ancestors and other fogies, but

you have too much spirit to submit to any such restraints on your liberty. You believe in the sovereignty of the individual. What contempt you visit on that old maxim: "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Why, life would be simply intolerable, gentlemen, if you were required to live up to such an absurd rule as that. But, thanks to your spirited protest, these old notions are becoming somewhat antiquated. The latest fashion of morality omits this exploded rule entirely, and makes a man's duty to consist in doing those things which minister to his own pleasure. That is a principle which will call out all the latent enthusiasm of your natures, and you will not forget that it has special application to religious matters. Persevere, therefore, gentlemen, in your sublime adherence to principle, and if any of you, through an adverse fate, should chance to suffer martyrdom at the hands of a bloodthirsty Faculty, we, your survivors, will endeavor to preserve dry eyes and console our broken spirits as best we can, with the pious reflection that your loss is our gain.

THE CASE OF the *Princetonian* versus offended dignity, ignored desert, and unrequited merit—a firm notorious alike for its blatant garrulity and its aristocratic pretensions—was tried before the court of Common Pleas, held by the senior class in September. The members present, with a contemptuous disregard of the principles of constitutional equity, and in gross violation of the dictum of precedent, informally resolved themselves into a jury, impanelled the august body, and proceeded to listen to the evidence *pro* and *con*. The prosecution was ably conducted by several famous experts, renowned as well for Nestorian eloquence and fervid rhetoric, as for splendid forensic talent and — exquisitely delicate sensibilities. Allied to these magnificent powers, and superimposed upon this acute perceptivity, is that intensely philanthropic sympathy

with virtuous but despised worth, which leads its possessors into obscure corners and remote nooks, to find the cowering form and dejected mien of unacknowledged and persecuted fidelity. Having found an object for their vivid Samaritanism they espoused its cause. The result was the arraignment of the Editorial board of the *Princetonian*, on an indictment for treasonable dereliction and neglect of duty, shameful obtuseness to claims on their gratitude, and a most heretical transgression of the bounds of propriety in the uttering of praise. It was a mammoth charge, bristling with formidable items; but perhaps its very unwieldiness baffled their dexterity, and the cumbersome javelin points that clustered in its magazine recoiled upon the heads of their propellers. They fought staunchly; but, alas! the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Then

“*Insequitur clamorque virum,*”

and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth! The disappointed band, their designs frustrated, “fled to seek a sad dwelling under the fenshelters” of mutual condolence, while the triumphant editors, themselves exonerated and their innocence proved, assisted in the lugubrious obsequies that followed. Amid pitiful but tumultuous displays of grief, the defunct carcasses of the confuted accusations were consigned to the grave of oblivion. With tremulous tone and tear-streaming eyes, a sorrow-stricken friend submitted the following as an epitaph—a glowing tribute to high character, unexampled patience, heroic fortitude, and loyal devotion to the freedom of the press:

“*Siste Victor! Væ Victis!*”

“Sacred to the memory of a small but noble company of men, whose last transcendent effort was an attempt to maintain the rights of the wronged, and to prove the wrongs of the right. Tho’ covered with the odium of an ignominious defeat, their names will still be the watchwords of all great truths, the emblematic symbols of the *good*, the *beautiful* and the *true*.”

It is an epitaph calculated to inspire the tenderest emotions in the human breast! Though their portion be slander, do they deserve it? Though their motives be questioned, does it show them perjured? No, we iterate it, no!—and let the indignant denial go thundering down the aisles of future ages, awakening a thousand sleeping echoes, till the temple of the universe quakes with answering reverberations, and the whole fabric of creation resound with the mighty and sonorous roll! They did right. They had a right to infringe on editorial privileges and encroach on editorial territory. They had a right to dispute editorial rights. They had a right to impugn editorial motives. They had a right to call editors to account for editorial expressions. They had a right to dictate to editors the way in which they should treat certain subjects. They had a right—for is not right the fundamental principle of republicanism—they had a right to do what they pleased and say what they pleased about editorial doings and sayings. And who can blame them for using it?

WHEN THE President announced at the opening of the term that all future donations to the college would be devoted to the endowment of new professorships and the enlargement of facilities for efficient study, fancy floated away to the time when our ears should no longer respond to the wonted sound of the pick and the hammer, and when the hod from long disuse should become the haunt of the toad and the bat. We welcome the change of policy, which has already borne its first fruits in the founding of a new department in Architecture and Applied Art, as the promise of a new era in the history of Princeton education.

Our beautiful and substantial buildings are our pride and admiration, but the true progress of an institution does not necessarily keep pace with its material prosperity. The constituents of a state, says the poet, are not—

"High raised battlements nor labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,"

nor is the architectural pile however essential, that which gives rank and prestige to an institution of learning. It must have the live, active, cultured intellect back of all to give it direction and efficiency. Hence the necessity for augmenting its teaching power by the addition to its faculty of men of liberal spirit and ripe attainments. The demand for a broader and deeper culture is becoming so imperative in our day that the institution which refuses to heed its admonition is virtually digging its own grave. The danger is not imminent that Princeton will soon become a mausoleum. Yet our tendencies are largely of a conservative nature and it is well for those who shape our policy to take heed lest from an overweening reverence for the past they sin against the light of the present. Human progress is a tree whose roots strike deep into the soil and derive strength and stability from the rich accumulations of the past. But this alone does not promote a vigorous development, the trunk and branches must reach heavenward and the leaves extract the nutritious carbon from the surrounding atmosphere. The fertility of the soil unaided by the air and sunlight would produce at best but a sickly growth. In the spirit of any age however much evil tendencies may prevail there is a predominance of good which conduces, on the whole, to human advancement. Shortsightedness may assume the attitude of indiscriminate protest or unqualified approbation but wisdom will denounce "*Vox populi vox Dei*" and "*Vox populi vox Diaboli*" as extremes equally erroneous and hurtful. The truth is found in the golden mean and thrice fortunate the individual or association of men whose counsels are shaped by a sagacity which is sharp-sighted enough to steer wide of both extremes. We do not feel disposed to indulge the spirit of carping criticism even though our theme should furnish more occasion than it does at present. The glory of our Alma Mater lies close to our heart and we rejoice that in more

than one department of human knowledge she has won an enviable position. The enlightened policy of recent years has borne abundant fruit. Material resources have flowed into our college coffers and transformed its external aspect and now we are assured that the *ποῦς* of our institution is to receive the benefit of future benefactions. So much for the bright side. The picture is splendid, and as we gaze upon it our vision is conscious of an ever widening perspective. Anticipation clothes the future in glowing colors; but even as the sun himself is disfigured by a few spots, so a dark line or two has invaded the camera of our fair vision.

The damaging charge of ultra conservatism is laid at our door and it is asserted that we must materially change our policy if we would succeed in our efforts to discover the philosopher's stone. The pessimist comes to us with clouded brow and complains that the counsels of the institution are influenced by men who fail to understand the fundamental distinction between a college and a theological seminary, that while a college without any form of worship would be undesirable, it is carrying religious distinctions to a hurtful extreme when a theological rather than a scientific standard is employed in the selection of incumbents for vacant chairs, or when second rate scholars are preferred before men of first rate attainments merely because they can pronounce a party Shibboleth with glib facility. These charges though they may be incidentally true, since the wisest men are liable at times to be swayed by prejudice, yet as preferred against the settled policy of our institution are neither just nor true. Our helmsmen are too sagacious not to foresee that a narrow illiberal policy would be ruinous to our best interests as a college, and the President's remarks evince a different spirit and purpose. From the taste we have already had of their fulfillment we feel safe in predicting for Old Nassau Hall a future of brilliant achievement.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

MUSEUM WORK.—This new branch which has been added this year to our college curriculum is an assured success. The applications for places far exceeded the seating capacity of the laboratory, and those were only taken whose advancement in the physical sciences in previous years warranted their future interest and progress in the work. The class is now studying botany under Dr. Macloskie, and it is not too much to assert that their progress has been rapid. The study has awakened in the students a vigorous spirit of inquiry and a patient and persevering search after truth. Many generalizations and principles, not completely and satisfactorily understood in the abstract, are more easily comprehended by an investigation into the successive steps by which they are reached, and the whole the better understood by an analysis and synthesis of its successive parts. The flowers are analysed and the result scheduled, the different organs examined under the microscope, and thus their hidden beauties discovered. Zoölogy and Geology will in their turn be taken up by the class. Mr. Scott will instruct in Zoölogy and Profs. Gayot and Hill in Geology.

LIBRARY MEETINGS.—Dr. McCosh has commenced his usual winter library meetings for the discussion of topics connected with Mental Science. Quite a large number of students turned out, and great interest was manifested. Much freedom was exhibited in the putting of questions to the Doctor, which he answered with his usual tact and skill.

QUERY?—Why can't L — , '77, smoke on Sunday nights?

ATHLETIC GAMES.—The fall games of the Princeton Athletic Club were celebrated on the 14th ult. As there were no prizes offered for the separate events, with the exception of the wheelbarrow race, the entries were few and the competition not very great. The grounds were in their usual poor condition, and so the records were not as good as usual. Appended is a partial list of winners: Standing long jump, Larkin, '79, 9 ft. 8 in.; 100-yard dash, Hunt, '78, 10¾ sec.; throwing base-ball, Denny, '77, 363 ft. 5 in.; quarter mile run, Phraner, '78, 1 min. 11.5 sec.; putting 16-lb. shot, Stevenson, '78, 33 ft. 6 in.; wheelbarrow race, Phraner, '78. General prize, Larkin, '79.

HARE AND HOUNDS.—We see by the New York *Tribune* that the old English game of Hare and Hounds has been revived by the students of the Preparatory School connected with the College of New Jersey, Princeton. On Thursday, Oct. 19, two Maryland lads were the hares, and although the chase led over a

rocky country for sixteen miles they were not caught. The distance was made in two hours eighteen minutes.

PRINCETON BOOK.—This volume is expected to be issued shortly. In general appearance it is to resemble the Harvard Book, and is to embrace a succinct history of the college, its organization, methods and means employed in instruction, together with heliotypic reproductions of photographs of its Faculty and buildings. Following is the outline:

An Outline of the Princeton Book.

1. HISTORICAL.—History of the College, Notices of the Presidents, Princeton and the Church, Princeton and the State, Princeton and Science, Princeton and Literature.
2. ORGANIZATION.—Trustees and Faculty, Whig Hall, Clio Hall, Philadelphian Society, Class and Alumni Organizations.
3. INSTRUCTION.—The Curriculum, Commencement Season.
4. BUILDINGS.—Dormitories and President's House, Chapel, Library, Geological Hall and E. M. Museum, Witherspoon Hall and University Hotel.
5. SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.
6. PREPARATORY SCHOOL.
7. THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.
8. TOWN, Battle Ground, First Church, Grave Yard, Stockton Place.
9. MISCELLANEOUS.—On the Campus, Base-ball, Boating, Athletics and Football, Glee Club, Journalism.
9. STATISTICS. Mr. Vinton will write on the Library, Mr. Pell on Base Ball, Mr. D. L. Nicoll, Boating.

AMERICAN COLLEGES.—Mr. Vinton is engaged on an historical survey of Princeton College past and present, which is to be published as part of a work, in progress of preparation, to be issued during the coming winter. Its title will be American Colleges. C. Richardson, of the Independent, is the editor and publisher.

NOTICE.—We are desirous of placing a complete file of the "Lit" in the College Library. To do so the following volumes are wanted, viz.: Class of 1841, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46, '47, '50, '51, '56, '57, '58, '59, '60, '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66, '67, '68, '70, '72, '74. Any one having all or part of the numbers for the classes named will confer a favor by communicating with the treasurer of the "Lit," P. O. Box 169.

ALL A MISTAKE.—A new Senior was recently taken by a cheeky Sophomore for a Freshman. Walking up to him and eyeing suspiciously the cane he was carrying in his hand he interrogated him. On finding out his mistake, the Sophomore raised his hat and bowed himself off.

SIMPLY A LAPSPUS.—One of the editors of our genial cotemporary, the *Princetonian*, made inquiries concerning the Interpretliminary contest, while another gentleman referred to it as the International.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A Freshman, on taking the pledge in regard to fraternities, wished to know whether it had reference also to the Philomathekan Society. He meant Philadelphian.

FOOT BALL.—The "punt-about" appeared early in the season on the campus, and the daily scrummages began immediately. Quite a number of the old twenty remain, but we noticed some new men who seem to have in them the requisites of good players. The Freshman class has two men on the twenty, something quite unprecedented for the 1st year men. Some of the Junior class undertook to effect "a radical change" in the method of choosing players, but were emphatically "sat on," and the old system remains in vogue. The twenty have chosen as their Captain A. J. McCosh, who directs the following men:

P. G.—Parmley; '77:—Laughlin, J. Denny, ss., Thompson, ss., Speir, J. Scott, W. Scott, McGill, McCosh, S. Johnston, Potter, McCalmont, ss., Nicoll.

'78:—Irving, Pyne, Kritsenger, Stevenson.

'79:—E. Dodge.

'80:—Withington, F. Denny.

Substitutes:—J. Campbell, '77; Van Dyke, '78; Reynolds, '79; Woodbury, '79; Wiggan, '80.

The university have played several match games against picked players from the college, in which they have been successful.

In the meantime we notice that the University have commenced practising the Rugby rules and find great difficulty in "keeping behind the ball," "touching down" and "running in." The "scrummages" have resulted in giving the college the appearance of a hospital for disabled veterans, and the "running in" has brought into prominence the fleetness of '79's champion one hundred yard runner.

On Nov. 1st a mass meeting of the college was called by the directors to decide under which rules the University should play in the future. It was decided to adopt the Rugby Union rules, and also to call an association of the colleges for the purpose of arranging as to games.

BALL GROUNDS.—There seems to be every prospect that our new ball grounds will be ready for use next spring. All the grading is completed; a board fence, six feet in height, encloses the grounds, and the club house is in process of erection. This club house will be something quite unique of its kind, containing all the necessities and conveniences needed in time past by our much "cussed" nine. "William" makes daily pilgrimages down town and reports all things in a prosperous condition. When at last we reach those much hoped for seats on the *in prospectu* grand stand, and no longer are disturbed by the gyrations of little snobs on the field, or the shouts of big snobs on the fence, and watch our nine running for grounders, without the delightful anticipation that the next moment the desired for ball may strike a small mountain and bounce a half a dozen feet, or so, in the wrong direction, then we can take off our hats and give three good hearty cheers for the P. U. B. B. C. and the University Hotel company the do-

nors of the ground and give a hearty vote of thanks to our mild, patient, enterprising "William."

STUDIED IT LAST YEAR.—The following dialogue occurred in front of West, the other day, between a prominent boating man of the Senior class and an equally prominent one of the Junior:

Junior—Is Paley in your room? I can't find it.

Senior—Why! it's upon the table. Black book. Paley, by Guizot, you know.

COLLEGE DRAINAGE.—The "conveniences" of the college are in a lamentable state, on account of the repairs being made to the drains. For the last three weeks uprooting and overturning the college glebe has been the order of the day, and the final results do not as yet appear. The pond is devoid of water, the tanks are empty and the steam in the recitation rooms is shut off. The health of the students still appears to be good, strange as this may seem under the circumstances, and the library is still frequented, notwithstanding the "chilling reception" which the students there meet with. It is to be hoped that these evils will be soon remedied, not only for the sake of the comfort of the students, but, what is more important, for the sake of the preservation of their health.

DEDICATION OF THE WITHERSPOON MONUMENT.—On Friday, the twentieth of October, permission was given the college to attend the dedication of the monument erected, on the Lansdowne drive, to President Witherspoon. A small number of students availed themselves of the permission, and by the aid of alarm clocks and early rising neighbors managed to catch the 6:55 train to the Junction. After an hour and a half of weary waiting a train was finally found in which there was standing room enough for the passengers. The cavalcade reached Philadelphia about 10 o'clock A. M., where most of the students, hearing that little or no part in the celebration was allotted to the college, entered the Exhibition grounds and paid no more thought to celebration or monument.

The procession, consisting of a large number of divines and boys decorated with blue ribbons, their wives and mothers attending, started from the Presbyterian Board of Publication rooms, Philadelphia, a little after noon, and reached the Centennial grounds in safety about 1 o'clock, P. M. The site of the monument is on the Lansdowne drive, south east of the Main Building, and here, on a stand erected for them, the speakers held forth for three mortal hours.

The programme was as follows.

- I. Prayer by Rev. G. Musgrave, D. D.
- II. Hymn by W. O. Johnstone.
- III. Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. J. Dulles.
- IV. History of the Monument, by Rev. Mr. McCook.
- V. Hymn by J. Addison Henry.
- VI. Contents of Corner Stone, by S. I. Prime.
- VII. Description of Statue, by Rev. Wm. E. Schenck.
- VIII. Inscription on Statue, by Rev. Wm. Paxton.

- IX. Unveiling of Statue, by Mr. Wood.
- X. Oration by Governor Bedle.
- XI. Statue presented to Park Commission, by J. Ross Snowden.
- XII. Reply by John Welsh, Esquire.
- XIII. Remarks by G. Hale, D. D.
- XIV. Doxology.
- XV. Benediction by Doctor McCosh.

The speeches were long and tedious, and your correspondent felt inclined to believe that the race from which the grandfather of Jno. Witherspoon sprang—a man of whom it was said he could pray and exhort all day and night without getting tired—had not as yet died out. It reminded us of the story told of the minister who boasted that he had preached two hours, and on being asked whether he had not been very much exhausted replied: "Na na, but it would ha' done ve gude to see how tired the congregation were." The best oration of the day was by Governor Bedle, who gave a sketch of Jno. Witherspoon's life and labors, and paid a high tribute to the college of which he was the head. He remarked: "It is a curious fact that Richard Stockton wrote to the trustees of the college that had it not been for his journey to the North, to see Witherspoon in person, he would probably have declined the election, he having no adequate idea of the importance of the college to which he was called. To-day," he continued, "Princeton College does not stand in that position, and is not only the glory of the Presbyterian church, but of the land in which it flourishes. Calvinism produces strong minds, and this is exemplified in John Witherspoon, for the Presbyterian church, even in those early days, had many of them. In 1783 Jno. Witherspoon went abroad to solicit funds for the college, but only realized £25, as the state of temper abroad was not fitting to assist a rebellious college, for," he added emphatically, "the college was rebellious to the core. It stands in no such need to-day, and by the blessing of Providence it has become a giant among colleges, scattering its blessings among all classes and having many of its representatives in the highest positions of church and state."

In closing, the speaker referred to the opinion of Adams in regard to Witherspoon, who called him "an animated son of liberty." At length worn out by the infirmity of age, full of years and full of honours, he was taken to God. Him the Presbyterian church justly commemorates, and to-day presents to the world as an example of a noble hearted, Christian patriot."

Mr. G. H. Stuart then "made a few remarks," and then the statue was presented to the Park Commission by J. Ross Snowden, LL.D. It was accepted by the Hon. Jno. Welsh, who promised to keep it for future generations, though how in the world he could keep it for future generations, to any very great extent, most felt compelled to "give up."

After "a few remarks," which were about as long as a few remarks generally are, by the Rev. G. Hale, D. D., the moderator rose and said: "In 1768 Scotland gave to this country a Witherspoon; one hundred years later, in 1868, she gave us a McCosh. All honor to Scotland, Witherspoon and McCosh."

Dr. McCosh then pronounced the benediction. Afterwards he was loudly called for, and made by far the best speech of the day, which was quite enthusiastically received. He said he was the successor of Dr. Witherspoon in the presidential chair, but did not claim succession to him in gifts and talents. [Murmurs of disapproval among the fellows.] That there were more important points of connection between Witherspoon and himself than most persons were aware of. First, they were born in the same county [applause]. Second, he had fought for church liberty, as Witherspoon had, and in the year '43 had to give up his living by reason of his holding up the principles of John Witherspoon. [Applause and cheers.] He ascribed the independence of America to two causes—the Puritans, and the men of the Solemn League and Covenant—the Scotch-Irish. The Scotch-Irish were the instruments of organizing us into a nation, and our government is modelled after the truly republican government of the Presbyterian church. [Loud cheers and applause. Hear! hear! from an Irish minister on the platform.] The proposal to erect a new state came from New Jersey. [Question from a boy in the crowd as to the location of the town of New Jersey.] And in conclusion he claimed that, although to the Puritans were due the first principle, that of individual freedom and liberty, yet the organization of the State, the bringing of these principles into action, was due to the noble hearted men of the League and Covenant—the Scotch-Irish. [Loud and continued applause.]

As we said before, the college was conspicuous by its absence, and the opinion was openly expressed by many in the audience that the college had received a marked insult and its president a slight, in not having offered to him a more prominent place in the exercises, a place not only due to his position, but to his commanding ability and talents. However, as the bilious-faced individuals on the platform seemed satisfied, we will suppose it all right and hope that now the monument is finished, its corner stone laid and its originators satisfied, the denomination periodicals may have some general news of interest to present to their readers in the place of the space heretofore taken up by letters of Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Committees on Funds, Statue and Speeches of the John Witherspoon Monument Association.

SHARP.—Scene: Railroad Depot. Captain Allen adjusting padlock on chain.

"Gorgeous!"—Are you going to chain up your dog?

Captain—Yes, walk right up—

G. goes out to "see a man."

POLITICS.—And now the sound of the "grinding" is low and the sound of contending politicians waxeth high.

SEVENTH CAVALRY.—We notice, by the papers of Oct. 18th, '76, that J. Williams Biddle, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed, by the President, to a second lieutenantcy in the seventh cavalry regular army now stationed at Fort Fetterman, appointment to date from August 31st, '76.

"Our sportsman," of the last class-day, will now have other game than gentle pigeons and the sprightly chipmunks of Potter's woods against which he waged such a pitiless warfare. All success in the world we wish you, Billy, but would advise you to get your head shaved before going out West. A bald head offers no inducements to the ruthless Indian.

RELIGION AND BILLIARDS.—Again Science and Religion come into conflict and narrow mindedness wins the day. When, some three weeks ago a rumor spread through the college that the Committee of the Trustees had decided to remove the billiard tables and bowling alleys in the gymnasium, on the ground that they were deleterious to the moral health of the community, it was generally discredited as being absurd. But on Saturday the 21st ult., the tables were removed and now nothing remains to do but to "mildly cuss" and be quiet. The students can feel assured that their President used all his efforts to prevent this "turning back of the hands" but his expostulation availed nothing. The next thing we shall hear of will be the prohibition of cut away coats and stand up collars as savoring of "vanity." This "Stigginsian" view of the matter will probably meet with the cordial approval of all the fossils in the country and all those relics of past ages who believe with the Puritans that games and sports were the "devil's own inventions." Now for the demolition of the gymnasium. As billiards have often been played by men of not the highest moral character so gymnastics are frequently practised by actors in the dreadfully immoral circus ring. The age is too advanced for Princeton atmosphere and a return is highly advisable to the simple days of our ancestors who thought and slept with a commendable aversion to all sports which trained the muscles or exercised the judgment and skill of the participator.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS EXTRAORDINARY.—A Senior who was making a decided flunk of his chemistry recitation, and was being kindly assisted by a neighbor, rebuked him and astonished both class and professor by calling out, "Who's doing this reciting, you or I?"

APPROPRIATE.—A Freshman in a class meeting called to select a class color proposed green, as being the most fitting to their position in college beside being a beautiful color. He was promptly hissed down. The class chose cardinal red and silver gray and the colors are now woven in a ribbon and may be seen on Freshmen at all times and places.

CHANGE IN DAY.—The Library will henceforth be open on Saturday and not on Thursday.

BASE BALL.—The prospects for the coming year are good although the nine suffers loss by the graduating of Woods, Mann and Walker. Duffield will play this year as he has entered the Scientific School. The nine has been practising regularly and faithfully since college opened and exhibit marked improvement. The suggestions thrown out in the last LIT. have been adopted and the old system of directorship is done away with. The whole personal charge of the nine upon the field and off devolves upon the captain. He chooses the men

and retains them on the nine as long as in his own judgment they are fit. A manager is appointed who takes charge of the appurtenances of the club and makes all arrangements for the comfort of visiting nines, and our own while away from home. He is chosen from the Senior class. The treasurer and secretary are chosen from the nine, in order that they may not be unnecessarily burdened with extra men, when on the tour. The nine have been unfortunate thus far, in having played but two match games. This, however, we know was not the fault of the management, but was owing to the neglect of the visiting clubs to meet their engagements. Officers of the club are as follows: D. Laughlin, Captain; F. Hartley, President; J. A. Campbell, Treasurer; M. W. Jacobus, Secretary.

PRINCETON VS. ALASKA.—On the 27th, notwithstanding the cold weather, the nine played their first game this fall with the Alaskas, of Brooklyn. Game was called at 12:30, with the Princetons at the bat, as usual. In the first four innings neither side scored. In the fifth, by an error of Loughlin, of the Alaskas, Duffield gained first, and base hits, by Funkhouser and Kaufman, took him home, thus giving us the first run. We were destined, however, to get but one more, which Loughlin made in the seventh, while our opponents, in the last four innings, scored four runs, thus winning the game. Funkhouser as catcher, in the place of Denny, played well. Smith's pitching, Denny's playing at third, and Kaufman's at second, were the features of the game. Duffield also made brilliant plays in left field. We welcome Jacobus to a position on the nine again. That he is needed there was apparent from his good playing in centre field and by his strong batting. Appended is the score:

ALASKA.					PRINCETON.				
	IB.	R.	P.O.	E.		IB.	R.	P.O.	E.
Larkin,	0	1	3	0	Jacobus,	0	0	3	0
Jolly,	0	0	4	2	Laughlin,	1	1	3	1
Loughlin,	1	1	2	6	Campbell,	0	0	3	4
Hankinson,	0	1	3	1	Duffield,	0	1	3	0
Tracy,	1	1	3	0	Funkhouser,	0	0	2	3
Quilty,	0	0	5	2	Denny,	1	0	3	1
Rourke,	0	0	2	0	Kaufman,	1	0	3	1
Dunningan,	0	0	4	0	Furman,	0	0	3	0
Rice,	0	0	1	2	Smith,	0	0	4	1
	2	4	27	13		3	2	27	11

PRINCETON VS. ALASKA.—On Saturday, the 28th, the nine met the Alaskas again, Capt. Laughlin not being disposed to give up in one close encounter. "Jimmie" Woods and Funkhouser filled the places of Kaufman and Jacobus, who were away. In a few innings the Alaskas ran their score up to 7, and in the seventh increased it to 8, while up to the fifth the home nine scored but one run. In the sixth, however, by a series of beautiful base hits, 6 runs were made; but in the seventh we retired with a blank. The game was then called, in order that the Alaskas might catch the 2:45 train, the score standing 8 to 7 against us. The nine played exceptionally well, but it was apparent that their adversaries were too strong for them, the point in which they chiefly excelled being base running.

We would like to see the nine practice more in this and reduce it to a "fine point," as, we must say, they are very deficient in it at present. Appended is the score :

ALASKA.					PRINCETON.				
	IB.	R.	P.O.	E.		IB.	R.	P.O.	E.
Larkin,	2	1	2	0	Woods,	1	0	2	2
Jolly,	1	1	2	0	Laughlin,	2	0	3	2
Loughlin,	0	1	2	3	Campbell,	0	1	3	1
Hankinson,	0	0	3	0	Duffield,	1	1	2	0
Rourke,	1	0	2	1	Funkhouser,	1	1	2	3
Quilty,	2	1	2	1	F. Denny,	0	1	1	2
Dunningan,	0	2	2	2	J. Denny,	2	1	1	1
Rice,	0	1	2	0	Furman,	1	1	2	1
Evans,	2	1	1	0	Smith,	1	1	2	0
	8	8	18	7		9	7	18	12

COMMENCEMENT.—The 129th commencement season opened on Friday evening, June 23rd with

THE LYNDE PRIZE DEBATE.

The question—"Has this Nation advanced Morally during the last Century," was debated in the affirmative by Mr. T. Jones, D. B. Jones and C. Denny, and on the negative by Messrs. J. M. Barkley, W. B. Green and H. E. Davis. The audience was large and appreciative, the speakers apt in reply and logical in argument. The result of the judges' conference was not made known till the following Wednesday.

Saturday the 24th was notable for both the Athletic Games and Glee Club Concert. In the athletic games, A. J. McCosh '77, received the General Prize with J. M. Mann '76, second. The

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

took place in the Second Presbyterian Church in the evening. The Instrumental Club assisting, delighted all by their rendition of several popular waltzes and the Glee Club introduced some new airs to the College world. The

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

was delivered by Dr. McCosh in the First church. His text was chosen from Gen. 3: 15, and in its elucidation he brought out the two theories of good and evil and the conflict between these two antithetical elements. His address to the graduating class, was full of tender admonition and sage advice.

CLASS DAY

opened with the Gymnastic exhibition after which the visitors transferred themselves to the Second church where the members appointed by the Senior class to delight their class-mates and edify the audience, were about to hold forth. The opening address was made by Mr. Fred. Marquand, after which Mr. J. Walter Lowrie delivered the Class Oration. When he had "run down," Mr. James M. Barkley delivered the Memorial Oration and presented to the College a bust of

John Witherspoon. Dr. McCosh briefly responded after which Mr. W. J. Henderson delivered the Class Poem. The matter and delivery of this poem was much better than any we have heard since in Princeton. The class then sang the class ode by Mr. E. D. Lyon and then adjourned till 3 P. M., when they met

AROUND THE CANNON

where after the history of '76 had been read by John F. Duffield, Mr. H. E. Davis delivered the Presentation speech. He presented prizes to "Our Twins," "Our Bloods," "Our Metaphysician," "Our Aristocrats," "Our Honormen," "Our Great Reformer," "Our Nimrod," "Our Public Benefactor," "Our Wits," "Our Rubies," after which Mr. Woodward gave a Burlesque Valedictory. Mr. Albert VanDusen then delivered the President's Address and the audience dispersed.

The Sophomores held their annual jollification after the Promenade Concert in which they cremated the studies of Sophomore year.

JUNIOR ORATOR DAY

was opened by the delivery of an address by Gen. Chestnut, of South Carolina, before the Clisophic and American Whig Societies.

THE JUNIOR ORATIONS

took place in the evening, when the following gentlemen "orated;" Mr. A. T. Ormond, of Pennsylvania; Mr. S. J. Rowland, of New York; Mr. W. B. Bryan, of Pennsylvania; Mr. W. M. Smith, of New York; Mr. L. D. Wishard, of Indiana; Mr. R. M. Mateer, of Illinois; Mr. W. F. Dunning, of New York, and Mr. W. E. Slemmons, of Ohio.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

exercises were held in the Second Presbyterian Church. The Latin Salutatory was delivered by David Benton Jones, of Wisconsin, and the English by his brother, Thomas D. Jones, both of these gentlemen having obtained the highest honors. The Valedictory was delivered by W. B. Greene, of Rhode Island, the Master's Oration by H. J. Van Dyke, '73, of New York, after which Dr. McCosh announced the following honors for the past year:

Stinnecke Scholar, D. Stewart, Md.; Senior First Honor Scholar, D. & T. Jones, Wis.; Classical Fellowship, E. C. Evans, Pa.; J. S. K. Fellowship in Math, C. W. Riker, N. J.; Mental Science Fellowship, D. B. Jones, Wis.; Experimental Science Fellowship, D. B. Jones, Wis.; Mod. Lang. Fellowship, H. A. Todd, Ill.; Historical Fellowship, W. A. Butler and Clarence Cunningham with honorable mention of C. Denny; Potts Bible Prize, S. W. Beach, Md., and J. P. Brown, N. Y.; Eng. Lit. Prize, M. A. Starr, N. J.; Lynde Prize Debate, First Prize, D. B. Jones, Wis.; Second Prize, W. B. Green, R. I.; Third Prize, J. M. Barkley, N. C. Junior Orator Prizes, Maclean Prize, W. E. Slemmons, Ohio, with honorable mention of A. T. Ormond, Pa.; First Medal, W. M. Smith; Second, W. E. Slemmons; Third, S. J. Rowland; Fourth, W. F. Dunning; Dickinson Prizeman, J. Potter, O.; Class '61 Prizeman, J. R. VanBenschoten, Conn.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on 109 in the Academic course and B. S. on 8 in the Scientific department.

COLLEGE CAMPAIGN.—The campaign has opened. The campus is daily the scene of groups of men earnestly discussing the merits of the respective parties, platforms and candidates. East college, the home of the college nominees from the two parties, is the hot bed of political discussion. Groups of Republicans gather around the door of North East and listen to the Republican oracle, while the Democratic political prophet of South East gives forth from his store of wisdom to admiring auditors on the steps of his entry. Our cotemporary, the *Princetonian*, carries its load of political honors with becoming modesty. Both the Democratic candidates are on its staff and also the Republican candidate for President. The Democratic convention was held on the 12th ult., and the following ticket elected :

For President—J. F. Williamson, '77. For Vice President—H. M. McDonald, '78. Executive Committee—D. Laughlin, '77; L. P. Funkhouser, '78; C. W. McFee, '79; Pryor, '80; J. E. Richardson, '77, Chairman.

The Republican Convention held an enthusiastic meeting on the 16th, and nominated the following ticket :

For President—W. E. Slemmons. For Vice President—C. L. Williams. Executive Committee—W. M. Smith, '77; Barnum, '78; Elsing, '79; F. Denny, '80; J. D. O'Neil, '77, Chairman.

MCCLOSKE GUARDS.—This new political organization paraded on Friday, Nov. 3rd, with the Trenton Republicans and called forth unbounded applause. Their marching and wheeling was particularly noticeable and their cheer excited many feminine handkerchiefs to float on the breeze.

JOINT POLITICAL DISCUSSION took place on Saturday, Nov. 4th, in Cook's Hall. A large number of the students and towns people turned out and listened as long as their ears held out to the ranting of certain of the speakers. Both candidates conclusively proved to their adherents present that the government was doomed to destruction if placed in the hands of the opposite party. An unfortunate allusion to the religious question produced some excitement and animosity among the Irish present which was allayed by the "smooth tongued Nestor" of '77, exhorting all present to answer their slanderers by the peaceful ballot and not by the unpeaceful bullet. We were sorry to see the leader of the debate set such a violent key note to the proceedings. We had expected a calm discussion of the question, arguments instead of assertions and correct reasoning rather than wild jumps at conclusions which could never be attained. Altogether the Joint Debate cannot be pronounced a success.

PRELIMINARY INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST took place on Saturday, October 14th, at 11 o'clock. Programme was as follows:

L. D. Wishard '77. *Subject*—The Power of Concentration.

Wm. J. Henderson, '76. *Subject*—Byron.

Edwin Manners, '77. *Subject*—An Olio of Opinions.

J. F. Williamson, '77. *Subject*—Practical Thought.

W. E. Slemmons, '77. *Subject*—The Advance of Thought.

J. M. Barkley, '76. *Subject*—The Shield of Minerva.

W. F. Dunning, '77. *Subject*—Milton and His Paradise Lost.

J. T. Duffield, '76. *Subject*—The Bruce of Bannockburn.

The competition was much more active than in any previous contest. The gentlemen all showed great familiarity with their subjects and much skill in their rendition of them. The Olio of Opinions caused much laughter among the audience and tickled the risibilities of several of our professors by its happy hits and droll remarks. The closing of Mr. Slemmons's oration was particularly eloquent and his tribute to John Brown a master piece of word painting, and although this gentleman was suffering from a cold he showed himself "facile princeps" of his competitors. The Judges, consisting of Professors Murray, Atwater, Brackett and Dr. McCorkle, awarded the appointment to W. E. Slemmons of Ohio, of the Senior class.

HALL PRIZES. In the Senior Prize debate, in Whig Hall, on the 13th of October, Mr. J. B. Wardlaw '77 received the 1st prize medal, and Mr. W. B. Scott '77, the second. The medals are the finest of the kind we have ever seen given by the Halls.

SICK. Mr. Bryan of the Senior class is suffering from a severe "bronikal" affection of the throat.

BOATING NEWS. Little or no enthusiasm has been excited this year. The boating fever is almost entirely allayed in Princeton. Three years of defeat seems to have finished the business. A meeting of the Boat Club was held Sept. 1st, and the following officers were elected: J. S. Ely '77, President; J. F. Williamson '77, Vice-President; R. M. Corwine '78, Treasurer, and Samuel Alexander '79, Secretary. Committee was chosen from the three upper classes to select a captain, who reported Oct. 6th in favor of Benj. Nicoll '77, who was accordingly elected captain. On Sept. 30th the Princeton four oared crew, consisting of Nicoll, Stewart, Campbell and Green, contested at Burlington against the Falcons and Oneidas. When near the end of the course Princeton's boat was stopped by one of the crowd and as it was declared "no race," Princeton again took her usual place in the rear.

BUMPING RACES. The Bumping Races commenced on Oct. 25th. At noon on that day a large number of pedestrians wended their way to the raging canal. The throng of foot passengers were enlivened by the presence of a few horsemen who were vainly endeavoring to manage their Bucephali and keep their position on the precarious seat. At half past twelve some six hundred spectators were anxiously waiting the commencement of the race arranged in lines from the Queenston bridge on both sides of the bank to the boat house. The course was laid out a mile and a half from a point this side of Kingston aqueduct. The race was rowed in three heats. The first between '78 and '80; the second '77 and '79 and the third between the winners of the previous heats. There was a little delay owing to the grounding of a canal boat across the course and the

breaking of an oar by the Juniors, but at last they were in readiness and the race began. The Juniors caught the water first and rapidly drew away from the Freshmen. At the Queenston bridge they were some 300 feet in advance, and at the mile and a quarter post almost double that distance. As they passed around the bend the steering of both Freshmen and Juniors was deficient. The crew of '78 however reached their stake some three minutes ahead of the Freshman, who were delayed by a canal boat. Time of race 10.45 m.

SUMMARY. Race between the class crew of '78 and '80. Distance a mile and a half, straight-away. Class crew of '78, 1.—J. C. Thurston, Bow; J. H. Hess, No. 2; C. C. Clarke, No. 3; E. J. Van Lennep, No. 4; D. Stewart, No. 5; H. A. Stevenson, Stroke and Captain. Time 10.45.

Class crew of '80, 2.—E. H. Nicoll, Bow and Captain; H. I. Livingood, No. 2; W. R. Pryor, No. 3; A. Graff, No. 4; W. S. Thurston, No. 5; A. McLaren, Stroke. Time not taken.

The second heat was between '77 and '79. It was almost two o'clock before the crews reached their positions, and when the signal was given both caught the water immediately. Before ten strokes were rowed the rudder of the Seniors' boat became unmanageable and ran into the right hand canal bank, where it was passed by the Sophomores. After some time the Seniors disengaged their boat from the bank and started after the Sophomores, who were some 100 feet ahead. They decreased this lead to some 50 feet when they again ran in the bank. In the mean time the Sophomores pulling a quick stroke reached the finish, making the distance in 11.50.

SUMMARY. Class crew of '79, 1.—A. Wylly, Bow; F. S. Presbrey, No. 2; C. H. Dodge, No. 3; F. P. Gilman, No. 4; F. Larkin, Jr., No. 5; P. Katzenbach, Jr., Stroke and Captain. Time 11.50.

Class crew of '77, 2.—C. Green, Bow; J. Campbell, No. 2; J. O. H. Denny, No. 3; J. F. Williamson, No. 4; John Ely, No. 5; Benj. Nicoll, Stroke and Captain. Time not taken.

On Thursday, Oct. 26th, the concluding heat was rowed between '78 and '79. The wind blew freshly from the north, and the chilled spectators waited till almost one o'clock before the boats were announced as started. The Juniors increased their lead of 70 feet to 100, before they reached the aqueduct and maintained this distance until beyond the bridge where they spurted and crossed the line some 200 feet ahead of the Sophomores, thus winning the race in 9 minutes, 55 seconds. The Sophomores' time was not taken. In the evening at the Gymnasium the cup was presented to the winning crew by Prof. Cornwall, and a silver cup to Mr. Katzenbach for the single scull championship which he had won by a walk over. Thus ended the second annual regatta. If not as exciting as last year's, it nevertheless was a success as it showed what results good training and coaching could produce, and the effect of an opposite course. Of course the friends of the winning crews were delighted, and the others not quite as well

pleased, but as the result was foreseen there were few expressions of dissatisfaction or of disappointment.

ANOTHER VICTIM. H—B—t—r '76 S. S. registered his name in the new hotel the other day, and was asked by the clerk whether he didn't know enough to put the year he expected to graduate in, and not the year he entered college. B—t—r explained indignantly, and received an apology as a balm for his wounded feelings.

CANEIFEROUS. Several Freshmen brought canes into chapel on the evening of the 28th, ult., and on their exit were tackled by the outraged Sophomores. Most of their canes were taken away.

"POOR DEVILS." At a meeting of the Faculty of the College of New Jersey, the following resolutions were passed:

1. That no member of it (the Senior class) will be recommended to the Trustees for a degree who fails to pass a satisfactory final examination.
2. That the falling below a grade of 50 in *any* study will forfeit the title to a degree so that it can only be restored by express vote of the Faculty upon sufficient reasons given.
3. That these rules shall not be rendered inoperative by the length of time in which a student has been a member of college.

CLIO HALL,

Oct. 29th, 1876.

WHEREAS, God in His own wise providence has called to Himself our fellow member, Rev. Dr. M. W. JACOBUS, of the class of '34, and

WHEREAS, by his death, the Cliosophic Society mourns the loss of an honored and worthy friend, whose high Christian character, intellectual worth, and devotion to her interests, have won for him a name which we all love to recall, therefore be it

Resolved, That while our hearts are saddened at the thought that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more; yet we reverently bow in submission to God's will, knowing that He who leads us into darkness will bring us again to the light, and

Resolved, That in this dark shadow of affliction, we would tender our deepest sympathy and condolence to the bereaved family. To them there is left a father's memory and a father's prayers; to us an example of a higher Christian life, and

Resolved, That in token of our regard the Hall be draped for thirty days and a committee be appointed to attend his funeral, and

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, the *Princetonian*, *New York Observer*, *Presbyterian Banner*, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to his family.

J. A. CAMPBELL,
WM. LIBBEY, JR.,
JNO. H. KERR.

BOOK NOTICES.

Shakespeare and the Bible. By James Rees. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Pp. 188.

This book is ostensibly devoted to the proof that Shakespeare followed Scriptural passages and partook of their spirit in the production of his plays. The conclusion, however, which is in reality drawn is, that the sentiments of the dramatist were thoroughly reverential and religious. Few, though his most ardent admirers, are inclined to assert so much in his behalf. We fear the author has gone a trifle too far and we are sorry, for it lessens the pleasure in the perusal of his work. With his acute insight into profitable material, Shakespeare was quick to appropriate from the Bible what would benefit his play. And this, we must insist, was his only object. He did not intend to preach the Bible from the stage. He aimed to give a happy turn to the play by quotations from a book with which the people were then becoming tolerably familiar.

The chapter on his classical reading could not be called conclusive, while that on Bacon and Shakespeare proves absolutely nothing. The introduction of these would, however, have been perfectly proper and possibly instructive; but the theories that follow on the scripturality and morality of the stage are, to say the least, absurd.

The conclusion drawn by the author from his own researches and numerous quotations from various sources is, that the best way to promulgate the word of God is to represent its truths and doctrines on the stage. He acknowledges the early Scriptural plays to have rapidly fallen into abuse and blasphemy, and yet he would wish the Church of God to use such means for furthering her cause. He has undoubtedly forgotten that when the Church was most elegant and spectacular in its worship—as near a holy drama as could be desired; when the Jewish ritual had reached its perfection, and the responses he so warmly advocates as but precursors of the tragedy were the most elaborate and extensive, that then it was the most isolated, and had the least influence on the religions of other nations, that then its converts were the fewest.

Those who would be won would be so not by the truths but by the display. If he would make a drama of religion, let it be a living one in the daily life of its professors. People will believe a man's actions in his business rather than his actions on the stage. However the latter may be made to *represent*, no one but feels that it is *not* reality.

French Political Leaders. By Edward King. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. 326.

French politics are generally so spirited, the "movements" and "changes" so rapid and surprising, the factions so varied and vigorous that popular interest demands a good hand-book of the French political leaders. This third volume of the "Brief Biographies" edited by T. W. Higginson appears to meet this demand admirably. It presents a series of succinctly and pleasantly written sketches of eminent Frenchmen the most of whom figure prominently to-day in politics. These brief biographies though necessarily limited furnish the "main facts" of their lives and "glimpses" of their characters from which one may form a tolerably correct estimate of these representatives of the different parties striving for supremacy in France.

Catalogue of Books Written by Alumni and Officers of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. Philadelphia: McCalla & Staveland. Pp. 78.

This neat pamphlet the work of the College Librarian, Mr. Frederick Vinton, made its appearance during last Commencement. The title is sufficiently explicit and tells its own story. We failed to find in it the names and works of several Princeton authors but as it is the first catalogue of books of the Alumni issued, it is more complete than might be expected and evinces the care and research of the compiler.

The Prophecy of Merlin and Other Poems. By John Reade. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Pp. 237.

"The Prophecy of Merlin" is the most ambitious poem of this attractive collection. It is a decided imitation of Tennyson, and in the first part quite a successful one. But in the second part the poet attempts, what has never yet to our knowledge been well done, to make a poetic and faithful prophecy, from an ancient standpoint, of the mechanical wonders of the present day. It is more like description than anticipation. Some of the minor pieces, in our judgment, are better than the "Prophecy of Merlin," and the most successful, perhaps, are those into which the element of sadness enters largely. These are written simply and apparently without effort. The last verse of "Good Night," in which the pathos is exquisitely beautiful and touching, we append:

Good night, my love! Without, the wintry winds
Make the night sadly vocal; and within,
The hours that danced along so full of joy,
Like skeletons have come from out their graves,
And sit beside me at my lonely fire,—
Guests grim but welcome, which my fancy decks
In all the beauty that was theirs when thou
Didst look and breathe and whisper softly on them.
So do they come and sit, night after night,
Talking to me of thee till I forget
That they are mere illusions, and the past
Is gone forever. They have vanished now,
And I am all alone, and thou art—where?
My love, good angels bear thee my good night!

EXCHANGES.

The last number of the *Cornell Review* contains a Prize Oration, "The Old Prometheus and the New." The subject is indeed old but we do not hesitate to say has been thoughtfully treated. The Titan is represented as the type of philanthropy. The writer might have gone a little deeper—a type be it ever so faint of the great sacrifice for man's eternal happiness. But this is not what we thought of saying. Chapel Stages are unpleasantly near and the most important part of the work is the subject. Biography will undoubtedly figure in the Programmes as it has ever done, but we do hope very sparsely.

There is hero worship everywhere we know and it must be a strong temptation to fall back upon these bright ideas for eight hundred and forty words.

But what does such a speech after all amount to. The speaker as a general thing gives the impression of being a school boy. Besides, easy as it is to select such a subject, and easy as it is to write upon it when selected, it is next to impossible to make a success of the effort. A very few "Michael Angelo's," "Byron's" or "John Milton the Statesman's" will be delivered. A tame lifeless biography is horrid. All this may be too late. Napoleon, Lafayette, Robert E. Lee and O'Connor may have already been prepared for another presentation to a Princeton audience. If they must be brought forth once more let it at least be in some original way.

The funny little Danbury man that writes the *College Mercury* mourns the dearth of humor in the exchanges. How will this do?

"The *College Mercury* is a paper of just six pages and three of them are devoted to the 'Influence of Science on Poetry.'"—*Record*.

The *Targum* is improving alarmingly and yet that is not saying much for the quality of its articles, for almost anything would have improved it a few months ago. Almost anything would have improved their base ball scores then and there seems to be room for improvement now. They call 17—17, 7 innings, an exciting game and take occasion thereupon to boast of the record of the Senior nine. If we mistake not one of our class nines defeated their University not a hundred years ago. Will Rutgers take the hint?

QUERY.—What will the Yale papers do when they tire of "Yale's Time at Springfield" and "Yale's Rowing at Philadelphia" or "Yale's late Successes in Boating?"

SUGGESTION.—They may possibly never tire or may get some "grind" on Princeton.

The change from weekly to bi-weekly, however, has wrought a decided improvement both in the appearance and contents of the *Courant*. It is a superior journal. Perhaps as the popular organ of a college community representing different interests, different parties and different sections of the country, it is too pronounced in its political bias. The last number was amusingly "political."

The *Rochester Campus* considers falling in love a final resort to save young men from ruin but further exclaims: "Heaven pity the girl on whom you try the experiment." The editors seem very familiar with their subject. Do they speak from experience?

The *Beacon* is the oracle of Boston University which has coöperating faculties at Athens and Rome. Names of ancient cities have become so indistinctive in our day that we wonder if the *Beacon* means that rural Athens in the state of New York or that Rome where A. Ward had his hand bills sculpt. This paper is well printed and opens with a plea for co-education. We cannot altogether sympathize with the writer. We do not think that the ladies would be so agreeable in recitations as elsewhere. Among the numerous praises called forth by our July issue this of the *Beacon* is so good that we will be pardoned for giving it.

"Lastly we take up the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE. This well deserved a separate article; but for fear of arousing the jealousy of our other exchanges we will append a notice of it to our general review (?). It is in magazine form, printed on superb paper, and contains above one hundred pages. For neatness of execution, for variety and depth of thought, and for editorial acumen, it is unsurpassed among college periodicals."

One of the latest *Crimsons* advocates editorially the wearing of caps and gowns. We cite a few lines: "On Class Day and Commencement it is of course befitting that all Seniors should wear a distinctive, appropriate and uniform dress. An evening dress worn as a morning costume, is manifestly absurd and its inappropriateness undeniable. The gown has of old been regarded as the fit dress for scholars, and is unquestionably the only garment suitable for college celebrations." We quite agree with this extract and would heartily welcome the introduction of both cap and gown in Princeton. This custom so long observed in English Universities has a classic and dignified air about it which finds full sympathy in our nature. We are glad to know that the Seniors are generally of our opinion. The first division of speakers, decked in the *toga virilis* made a very comfortable and pleasing appearance. A few captious individuals opposed to every species of "change" and "reform" may still exist, but let them take the "sober second thought" and thoroughly discuss the matter before dismissing it.

The series of "Letters to a Freshman" running in the *Crimson* gives some naughty though worldly wise advice. The third letter was very entertaining. Its humor can be fully relished—only by a college student in want of funds. We pronounce them all very good.

"Old Gray Back" announces a new design in preparation for its cover. How pathetic! The article revealing some of the mysteries of the number nine is the most interesting in the October *Acta*.

Perhaps the best thing about the *University Magazine* is its motto, "Litteræ sine Moribus Vanæ," in which we practically concur. The prospectus on the first page says that the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest educational institution in the Middle States, and the fifth in point of seniority in America. In the name of facts we would recommend an emendation of this statement. Princeton was founded in 1746—Columbia in 1754, making the University of Pennsylvania third in the Middle States and sixth in America. We hope our friends will take the hint and do the handsome thing without a further reminder.

The *Yale Lit.* has just come to our table. It seems up to its usual standard of excellence. In speaking of President Porter's proposition for billiard tables, it thus argues their probable salutary effects: "To relieve those super-sensitive journalists who scent danger in the project, we would like to recall the case of Princeton. If billiard tables were not the cause of the recent revival there, then we have failed to interpret rightly the relations of cause and effect. They certainly were contemporaneous or successive in point of time, and if the billiard tables did not occasion the revival, then the exalted moral and religious spirit succeeding the revival must have suggested the billiard tables. At any rate, they are connected in some way, and the fact that they existed together, goes to show that they are not incompatible with each other. No one knows what *may* result even in Yale from their introduction. If we should have a revival here, somebody would be sorry they ever said so much against billiards." This is good reasoning and is further corroborated by the fact that the removal of our revival-provoking billiard tables has already operated adversely to the "good cause" and induced the spirit of profanity and skepticism.

We refer our contemporary, the *Princetonian*, to the *Trinity Tablet* of October 28th.

The *Dartmouth* still comes and we still wonder why Whittier ever perpetrated that line in "Snow Bound:"

"In classic Dartmouth's college halls."

Besides the exchanges mentioned we acknowledge the receipt of the following:

Vassar Miscellany, Cornell Era, Harvard Advocate, Yale Record, McGill Gazette, Lafayette Journal, Brunonian, Virginia Univ. Magazine, Mississippi Univ. Magazine, Niagara Index, Packer Quarterly, Bowdoin Orient, Queen's College Journal, The Wittenberger, College Record, Der Sonntagsgast, The Round Table, Williams Athenæum, Oberlin Review, Denison Collegian, Hamilton Monthly.

PERSONAL.

- '22. Edwin D. Mansfield, Contributed the article on "The Chinese Question in the United States," in the last *International Review*.
- '34. Rev. Dr. Melancthon W. Jacobus, of the Alleghany Theological Seminary, the father of our esteemed fellow-editor, died suddenly Saturday morning the 28th ult.
- '34. Parke Godwin, The leader of the Democratic wing of the Liberals.
- '39. Joel Parker, New Jersey Democratic Elector-at-Large.
- '42. Thomas N. McCarter, New Jersey Republican Elector-at-Large.
- '43. John P. Stockton, Ex-U. S. Senator, addressed a Princeton audience a few weeks ago, on the political issues.
- '46. Ashbel Green, New Jersey Democratic Elector, did likewise.
- '55. Joseph W. Martin, Judge of the Sixth Judicial District, Little Rock, Ark.
- '66. John A. Hall, In town week before last.
- '70. "Addie" Joline, Married lately.
- '70. Robert M. Agnew, Elected City Solicitor of Lancaster, Pa.
- '70. Harris, Spoke at the jollification meeting Wednesday evening, Nov. 8.
- '72. Woolsey Wells, In town writing for the "Princeton Book."
- '73. Candor, '74. Jai Stuart, '75. O. Fleming, All lately in town.
- '73. James H. Cowan, Harangued for Tilden.
- '74. Delancey Nicoll, Stumped for Tilden in New York.
- '75. Halsted and Van Vorst, Fellows at Johns Hopkins University.
- '76. "Mac" Mann in the *N. Y. World* office.
- '76. "Polly" Parker, Has been stumping Indiana for Tilden, Hendricks and Reform.
- '76. "Blondie" Smith, Makes frequent visits to Princeton and vicinity.
- '76. Whittlesey. Polling law in Washington.
- '76. Weart, Reading law with his father in Jersey City.
- '76. Smith (J. A. L.) and the Wilson brothers, At Alleghany Theological Seminary.
- '76. Warner, At Berkeley Divinity School.
- '77. Wilson, Has gone to Europe.
- '77. Frank Campbell, Hung out his law shingle in New York.
- '77. George Armour, Sailed on the 28th of October for a six months tour in Europe.
- '77. Jimmie Armstrong, Returned to have his picture taken with his class. Jimmie is a greenback man.